SUPERMAN
No. 99
Ten Cents
AUG. 1946
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION COMICS
OOPS!! MISSED AGAIN!
EXHIBITION TODAY!
TRICK-SHOT SHULTZ
KEEP TRYING!

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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S BEST COMICS

A Year...
JAGUAR
OF THE FAMILY
FOR TROUBLE WITH
THIS SYMBOL
2. HE SURE MAKES
A BEE-LINE!

D.C. PUBLICATIONS

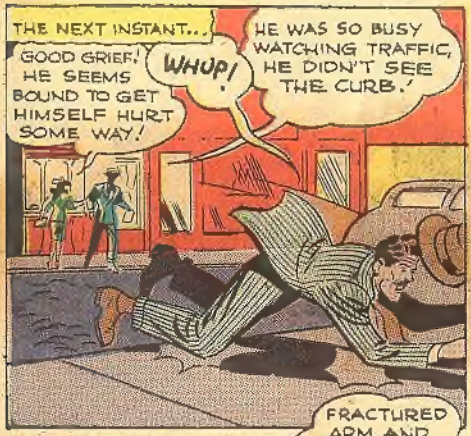
ON THE COVER OF
NEXT MONTH'S
COMICS!

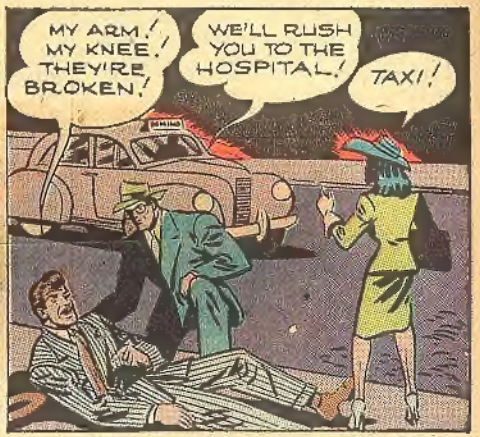
Superman, Batman, Flash, Green Lantern, Buz Sawyer, Boy Commandos, Hopalong Cassidy

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
WHAT TERRIBLE POWER DOES THE UGLY LITTLE MALAY DOLL CONTAIN THAT BRINGS SHOCKING MISFORTUNE TO ITS POSSESSORS? DOES IT SPRING FROM THE EVIL CURSES OF BLACK MAGICIANS? IS IT LINKED TO SACRED TREASURES LOOTED FROM THE RUINS OF ANCIENT TEMPLES?... EVEN SUPERMAN, BATTLING THE SCHEMES OF UNSCRUPULOUS MEN AND THE TRICKS OF INSCRUTABLE FATE, CRASHES HEAD-ON AGAINST A BLANK WALL OF MYSTERY WHEN HE WEARS
"THE TALISMAN of TROUBLE!"

IN A NARROW, WATERFRONT STREET OF METROPOLIS, THE ROAR OF TRAFFIC NEARLY DROWNS OUT THE RASPING OF STEEL ON STEEL...
BUT THE EARS OF CLARK KENT, DAILY PLANET REPORTER, ARE UNUSUALLY KEEN!
THERE IS A LOT OF INTERESTING THINGS TO SEE DOWN HERE, ISN'T THERE?
RIGHT, LOIS!
I WONDER WHY THAT MAN WITH THE TURBAN IS SAWING AT THAT SIGN?
BIJOU
CLARK—THE SIGN IS FALLING RIGHT ON THAT MAN!
OH, OH—I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST WITHOUT HER SEEING ME! THAT MANHOLE...
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!
THIS IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY!
HUH-?
SIGNS SHOULD BE SEEN—AND NOT HURT!
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL, CLARK?...WHY—WHERE IS CLARK?
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
SUPERMAN!
THE MAN IN THE TURBAN DIDN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR HIM WHEN I GET THIS FIXED.
2

A NARROW ESCAPE, / IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SUPERMAN—
UNLIKE MY FRIEND CLARK KENT, SUPERMAN HAS A KNACK OF ALWAYS BEING AROUND WHEN HE'S NEEDED!
GOOD HEAVENS! I'LL BE LATE FOR—
LOOK OUT!
A RUNAWAY TEAM!
WHOA! YOU WITH THE TURBAN— CAN'T YOU MANAGE THEM?
AS ALLAH IS MY JUDGE, EFFENDI, THE ILL-MANNERED BEASTS TOOK ME BY SURPRISE!
TEN THOUSAND BLESSINGS ON YOU, EFFENDI!
ANOTHER SECOND AND THEY'D HAVE RUN ME DOWN!
THE SAME KIND OF TURBAN, BUT A DIFFERENT MAN! OH, WELL—THIS WATERFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD IS A FOREIGN QUARTER...
I'M MORE GRATEFUL THAN I CAN SAY, SUPERMAN!
YOU'RE WELCOME!
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU NOTICED WHERE CLARK KENT WENT, SUPERMAN...
RAN OUT ON YOU AGAIN, DID HE? I'LL LOOK FOR HIM!
HE PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO THE CLOUD CLUB FOR LUNCH, AND I'M NOT LETTING HIM WIGGLE OUT OF IT!
AND SO— I COULDN'T FIND A POLICEMAN ANYWHERE, LOIS!
IDIOT! WHAT COULD A POLICEMAN DO ABOUT A FALLING SIGN? ANYWAY, THE MAN IS SAFE, THANKS TO SUPERMAN!
3


THE NEXT INSTANT...
GOOD GRIEF! HE SEEMS BOUND TO GET HIMSELF HURT SOME WAY!
WHUP!
HE WAS SO BUSY WATCHING TRAFFIC, HE DIDN'T SEE THE CURB.'


MY ARM! MY KNEE! THEY'RE BROKEN!
WE'LL RUSH YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!
TAXI!

AT THE HOSPITAL...
FRACTURED ARM AND SPRAINED KNEE! WE'LL FIX THEM UP!
TOUGH LUCK, OLD FELLOW! IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU?
YES! YOU CAN DESTROY THE THING THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE.'

AN UGLY LITTLE WOODEN DOLL, WORN AROUND THE NECK ON A COPPER WIRE.'
IT'S FROM MALAYA — AN IMAGE OF YURG, THE GOD OF ILL-FORTUNE! IT'S BROUGHT ME NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK.'

I'M BURTON HAYES, THE ARCHAEOLOGIST.' MY FRIEND, KEITH LANGWELL, FOUND THIS ON OUR LAST TRIP THROUGH THE MALAYAN JUNGLES. LAST NIGHT I LAUGHED WHEN HE TOLD ME IT WAS A TALISMAN OF MISFORTUNE — SO HE DARED ME TO WEAR IT.'
WHAT A STORY THIS WILL MAKE!
4

I WAS ON MY WAY TO PIER 62 TO ARRANGE FOR DELIVERY OF SOME RELICS WE HAD SHIPPED BACK FROM RUINED MALAY TEMPLES, WHEN TROUBLE BEGAN TO FOLLOW ME. SO IF YOU'LL GET RID OF YURG FOR ME —
SURE THING!

AND AS LOIS AND CLARK DEPART...
IMAGINE A SCIENTIST LIKE HIM BELIEVING SUCH NONSENSE! JUST TO PROVE HOW WRONG HE IS, I'LL WEAR THIS MYSELF!
ER-DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE, LOIS? AFTER ALL, HE CERTAINLY DID HAVE BAD LUCK!

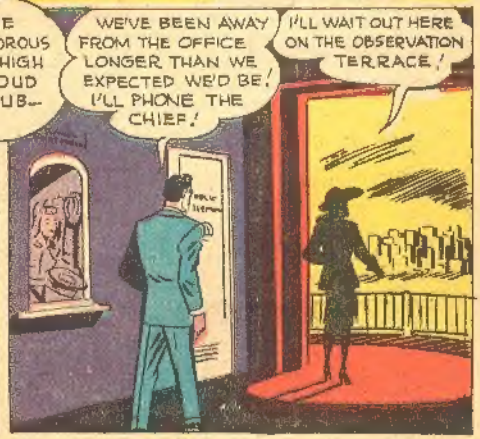
EVERYBODY HAS BAD LUCK OCCASIONALLY! ACCIDENTS HAPPEN EVERY MINUTE—BUT DOLLS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM!
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! BUT JUST THE SAME, I'VE SEEN WEIRD THINGS—
SUBWAY

AAA-A-A-A-A-A....
WHAT—?

GREAT SCOTT! LOIS—SPEAK TO ME!
I—(GASP)—C-COULDN'T BREATHE! (GASP) MY THROAT!
CRACK!

SOMEONE DELIBERATELY TRIED TO KILL YOU—BUT HE'S GONE! MAYBE YOU'LL TAKE THAT THING OFF NOW!
SUBWAY
NO! I SAID I'D WEAR IT, AND I WILL! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!

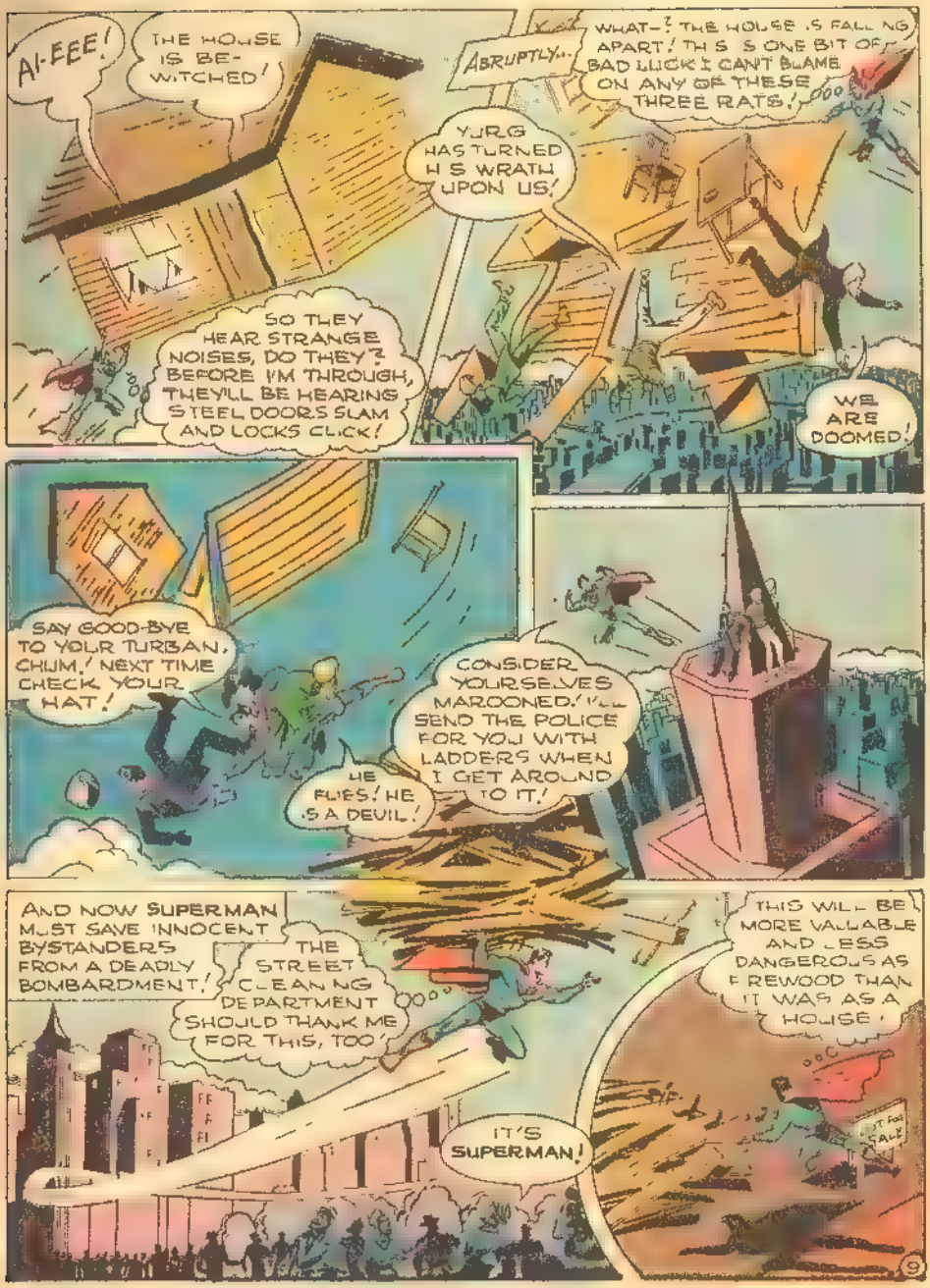
ANYWAY, HERE WE ARE, PRACTICALLY! WHAT HARM CAN COME TO ME, 60 STORIES ABOVE, IN THE TOWN'S BEST RESTAURANT?
LOIS, I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER YOU'RE PLUCKY OR PIG-HEADED!
VISIT THE Cloud Room
5


THE GLAMOROUS SKY-HIGH CLOUD CLUB—
WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM THE OFFICE LONGER THAN WE EXPECTED WE'D BE! I'LL PHONE THE CHIEF!
I'LL WAIT OUT HERE ON THE OBSERVATION TERRACE!

IF YOU EVER LEFT ME, BETTY, I'D COME UP HERE AND JUMP!
GEORGE! WHAT A TERRIBLE THOUGHT!
SUDDENLY...
HELP!
OH! SHE FELL!
IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH, CLARK INSTANTLY GUESSES THE CAUSE OF THE EXCITED CRIES!
LOIS' VOICE! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HER ALONE!
PHONE
SUPERMAN! SAVE ME!
WHY NOT? I'VE DONE IT OFTEN ENOUGH BEFORE!
LUCKY I HAPPENED TO BE NEARBY!
SPEAKING OF LUCK~ I'M THROUGH WEARING THIS TALISMAN!
LOIS EXPLAINS...
A BAD LUCK CHARM, EH? WHY DON'T I TRY IT OUT?
I'D SAY NO, IF I WASN'T CONVINCED THAT YOU'RE INVULNERABLE! AS IT IS, TAKE IT— AND WELCOME!
SOMEONE PUSHED ME, A MAN WEARING A TURBAN! I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE AND PHONE CLARK THAT I'VE LOST MY APPETITE!
I'LL CONVOY YOU, THEN DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE TO CLARK IN PERSON!

PRESENTLY... THERE'S THE PIER HAYES WAS BOUND FOR! SO FAR, WEARING THE MALAY DOLL HASN'T HARMED ME – EXCEPT FOR A FAINT BUZZING IN MY EARS.'
62
EXCUSE ME – BUT YOU SEEM TO BE INTERESTED IN THIS SHIPMENT ADDRESSED TO BURTON HAYES, TOO!
I OUGHT TO BE, SUPERMAN! I'M KEITH LANGWELL, HIS PARTNER. THERE ARE GEMS HERE WORTH A FORTUNE.'
AND IT'S A GOOD THING I'M HERE! HAYES WAS TO HAVE CALLED FOR THIS STUFF AN HOUR AGO – BUT HE HASN'T SHOWN UP YET!
HE'S HAD AN ACCIDENT.'
HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL! FUNNY THING – HE BLAMED GETTING HURT ON A TINY DOLL HE WAS WEARING!
IT'S MY FAULT HE WAS WEARING IT.' I DARED HIM TO, WHEN HE SAID HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE CURSES PUT ON CERTAIN TALISMANS BY BLACK MAGICIANS OF THE EAST.
YOU'RE SUPERSTITIOUS, I TAKE IT. LANGWELL!
NO MORE SO THAN MOST PEOPLE – BUT I'VE SEEN WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES!
NO MAGIC ABOUT THAT SIGN FALLING, OR THE ATTEMPT TO STRANGLE LOIS, OR SOMEBODY PUSHING HER FROM A 60-STORY LEDGE.' THAT WAS HUMAN SKULDUGGERY – AS WERE THE RUNAWAY HORSES.'
ON THE OTHER HAND NO ONE WAS ANYWHERE NEAR HAYES WHEN HE TRIPPED OVER THE CURB!
7

HUH...?
THE AMAZING X-RAY EYES OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW LOCATE HIS WOULD-BE ASSASSIN...
A MALAY KRIS—THROWN BY THE DRIVER WHOSE HORSES TRIED TO RUN DOWN HAYES! I'LL PRETEND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM—AND SEE WHERE HE GOES!
THE TRAIL LEADS THROUGH THE COLORFUL EURASIAN QUARTER OF THE CITY...
HE OUGHT TO BE AS MUCH AT HOME HERE AS IN HIS NATIVE LAND.
TO A SWAYBACKED, TUMBLE-DOWN HOUSE!
HERE'S WHERE MY X-RAY VISION AND SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING WILL COME IN HANDY AGAIN.
WITHIN THE HOUSE...
GREETINGS! DID YURG SUMMON YOU TO A VICTIM?
AYE—TO THE SAME SUPERMAN WHO THWARTED ME BEFORE! HE MUST WEAR ARMOR BENEATH HIS SHIRT!
FIRST HAYES—THEN THE GIRL—THEN SUPERMAN! WHY DOES YURG CALL US TO KILL SO MANY?
NO MATTER! IF WE WISH TO EARN THE REWARD, WE MUST CONTINUE TO TRY TO KILL WHENEVER THE STRANGE NOISE SOUNDS IN OUR EARS!

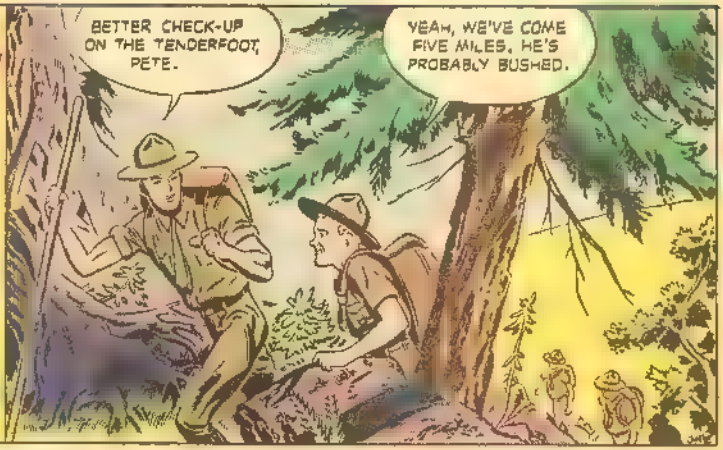

AI-EEE!
THE HOUSE IS BE-WITCHED!
ABRUPTLY...
WHAT—? THE HOUSE IS FALLING APART! THIS IS ONE BIT OF BAD LUCK I CAN'T BLAME ON ANY OF THESE THREE RATS!
YURG HAS TURNED HIS WRATH UPON US!
SO THEY HEAR STRANGE NOISES, DO THEY? BEFORE I'M THROUGH, THEY'LL BE HEARING STEEL DOORS SLAM AND LOCKS CLICK!
WE ARE DOOMED!
SAY GOOD-BYE TO YOUR TURBAN, CHUM, NEXT TIME CHECK YOUR HAT!
CONSIDER YOURSELVES MAROONED! I'LL SEND THE POLICE FOR YOU WITH LADDERS WHEN I GET AROUND TO IT!
HE FLIES! HE IS A DEVIL!
AND NOW SUPERMAN MUST SAVE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS FROM A DEADLY BOMBARDMENT!
THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT SHOULD THANK ME FOR THIS, TOO!
THIS WILL BE MORE VALUABLE AND LESS DANGEROUS AS FIREWOOD THAN IT WAS AS A HOUSE!
IT'S SUPERMAN!
NOT FOR SALE
9

THERE'S THE TURBAN THAT FELL OFF—BUT WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS THAT WERE HIDDEN INSIDE IT?
A MINIATURE RADIO RECEIVING SET'... AND EVER SINCE I HUNG THIS DOLL AROUND MY NECK, THERE'S BEEN A BUZZING IN MY EARS—AND MY EARS CAN PICK UP RADIO BROADCASTS!
A GNAT-SIZED BROADCASTING STATION, SENDING OUT A CONTINUOUS TONE S GNAL! SO THAT'S THE "CALL OF YURG" WH CH LEADS THE WOULD-BE KILLERS TO THEIR V.CTIMS!
MEANWHILE, AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE BURTON HAYES IS LYING...
YOU LL F.ND MR. HAYES IN ROOM 111, MISS LANE! HE ALREADY HAS ONE VIS TOR!
I WON'T BOTHER THEM LONG. I MERELY WANT TO F ND OUT A FEW THINGS ABOUT A CERTA N DOLL HE USED TO OWN!
MISS LANE! MEET MY PARTNER, MR. LANGWELL, WHO TREKKED THROUGH MALAYA WITH ME!
HOW DO YOU DO?
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE..
LANGWELL BROUGHT ME THIS BASKET OF FRUIT! HELP YOURSELF!
SINCE I MISSED LUNCH TODAY, I DON'T M ND—
NO! DON'T TOUCH IT! KEEP AWAY!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
AND WHY NOT, LANGWELL? IS IT POISON?
WHAT-! ER—WHY—THAT 'S—
SUPERMAN!
10

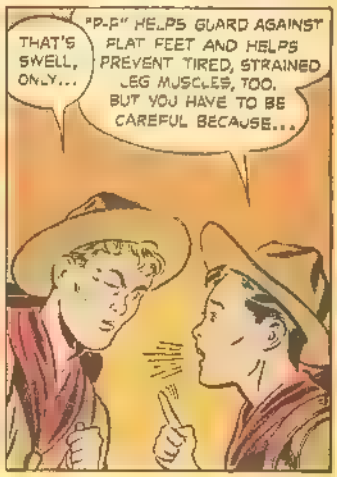
I'LL JUST SAMPLE A BITE OR TWO, AND—
AS I SUSPECTED, SOMETHING CONCEALED INSIDE—AND IT LOOKS LIKE A STICK OF MAGNESIUM!
I'VE GOT TO RUSH!
SUDDENLY...
MMM! MIGHTY TASTY, EVEN IF IT IS A BIT SHARP!
GOOD GRIEF—AN INCENDIARY BOMB!
NOT SO FAST, LANGWELL!
WH-WHY—YOU'RE NOT EVEN SINGED!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOUR PARTNER HAS JUST TRIED TO KILL YOU, HAYES—BECAUSE THE MEN HE HIRED TO ASSASSINATE YOU FAILED!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WAS MY FRIEND!
HE WAS YOUR FRIEND TILL YOU BECAME JOINT OWNERS OF A FORTUNE IN GEMS FROM MALAYAN TEMPLES! HE WANTED YOUR SHARE, TOO!
SO THAT'S IT!
YOU HIRED MALAYAN KILLERS—GAVE THEM TURBANS WITH RADIO RECEIVERS INSIDE, TUNED TO A BROADCASTING UNIT IN THAT DOLL YOU GOT HAYES TO WEAR!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I HIRED THE MALAYS THROUGH A FRIEND ABROAD. ALL THEY KNEW WAS THAT THEY WERE TO KILL THE PERSON WHOSE APPROACH CAUSED A STRANGE BUZZING IN THEIR EARS!
BZZZ

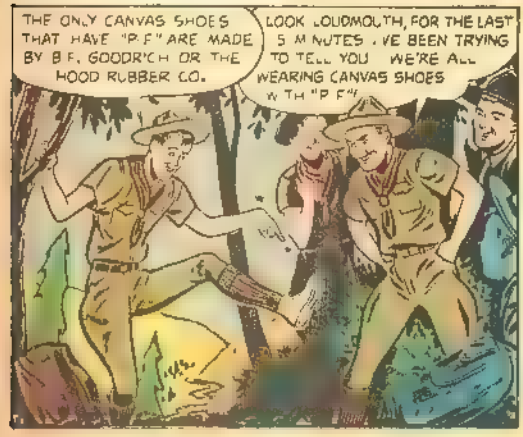
LATER, IN THE DAILY PLANET NEWS-ROOM...
IT'S ALL OVER! LANGWELL AND THE MALAYS ARE LOCKED UP-AND SUPERMAN GAVE ME A SOUVENIR TO REMEMBER THEM BY!
NOT THE DOLL, CLARK! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP IT!
WHY NOT? DIDN'T SUPERMAN PROVE IT WAS ONLY A RADIO GADGET?... I'M SO PLEASED ABOUT IT, I'M GOING TO LET YOU TAKE FULL CREDIT FOR THE STORY!
NOT REALLY? OH, CLARK, YOU'RE SO GENEROUS, I COULD KISS YOU!
AND I WILL!
I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
THAT PROVES IT'S A TALISMAN OF GOOD LUCK-NOT BAD! I'LL BET YOU WOULDN'T HAVE KISSED ME IF I HADN'T HAD IT ON ME!
OH, IS THAT SO?
YOU DROPPED IT A SECOND BEFORE I KISSED YOU! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, ALWAYS JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS!
WELL, IMAGINE THAT!
ANYWAY, YOU MUST LIKE ME A LOT TO-
THE LEAST LITTLE BIT, MAYBE... BUT HOW COULD I EVER ADMIRE YOU, WITH SUPERMAN TO COMPARE YOU WITH?
HMMMM...
THE END
12

TENDER-FOOT HIS FEET WEREN'T SO TENDER



GREAT STUFF, KID, BUT..
NO *BUTS* ABOUT "P-F"! IT MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION. IT HELPS KEEP THE BONES OF YOUR FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.


THAT'S SWELL, ONLY...
"P-F" HELPS GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET AND HELPS PREVENT TIRED, STRAINED LEG MUSCLES, TOO. BUT YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL BECAUSE...


THE ONLY CANVAS SHOES THAT HAVE "P.F." ARE MADE BY B.F. GOODRICH OR THE HOOD RUBBER CO.
LOOK LOUDMOUTH, FOR THE LAST 5 MINUTES I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU WE'RE ALL WEARING CANVAS SHOES WITH "P.F."

HOW "P-F" STEPS UP STAYING POWER

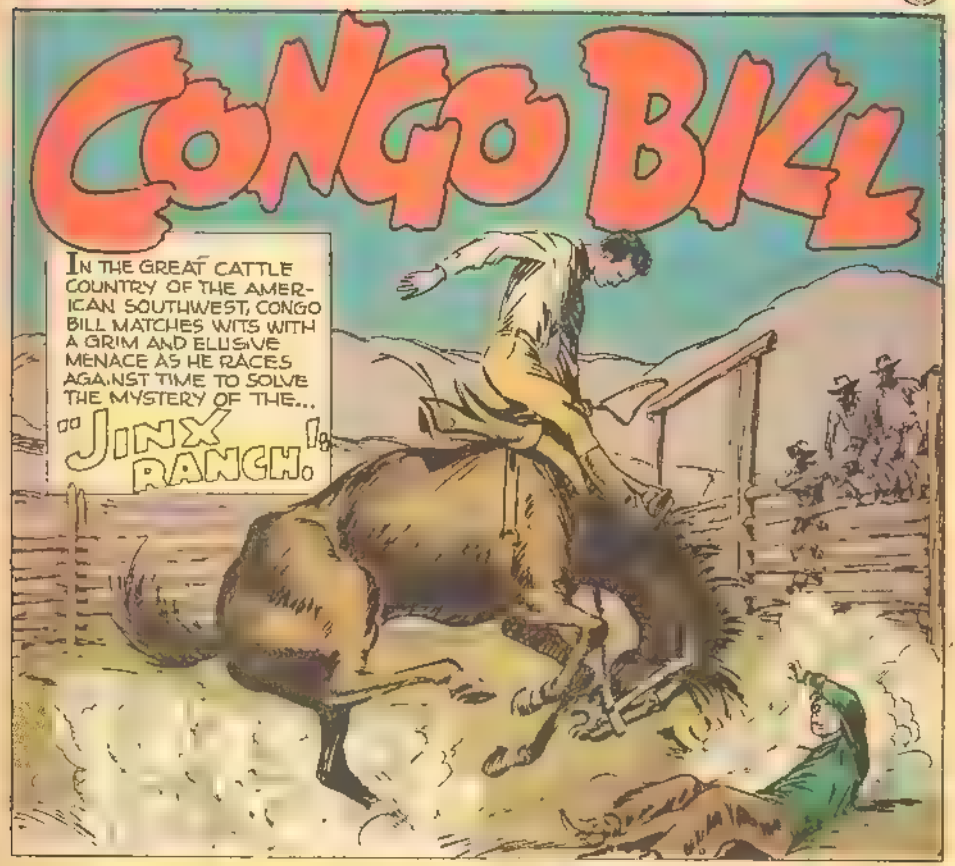
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

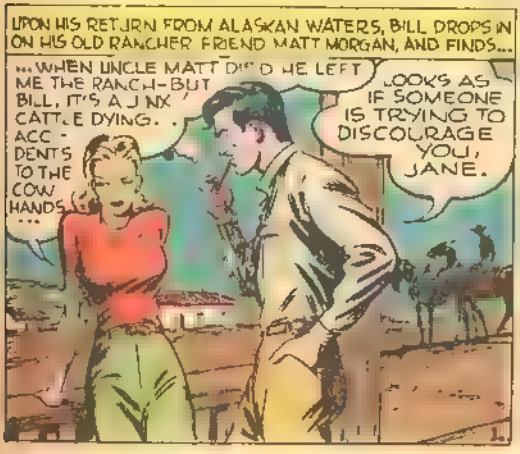
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION— A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B.F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER CO.

ALL INTERNATIONAL

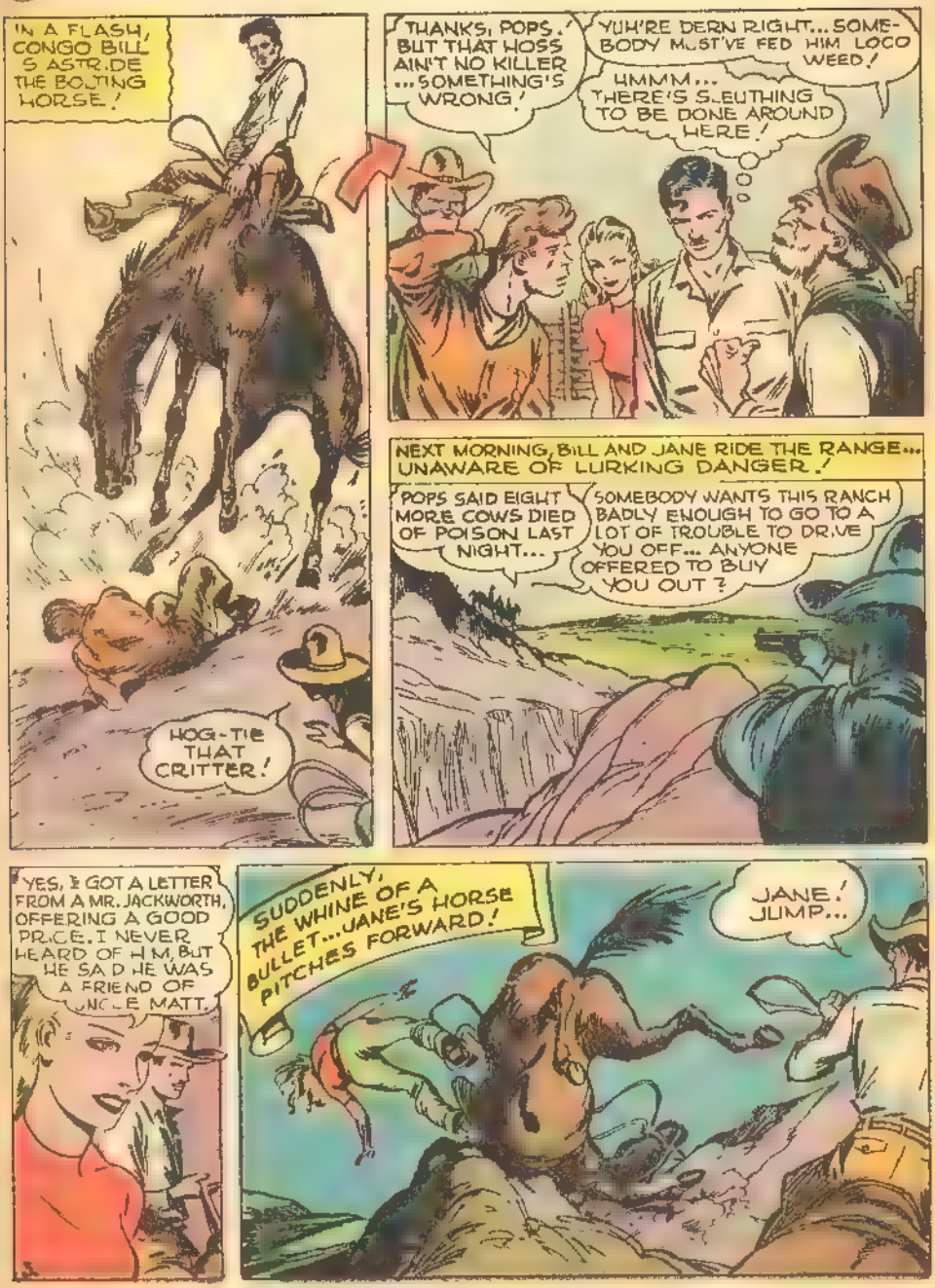
CONGO BILL

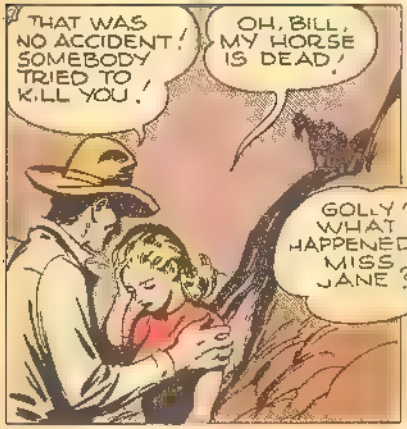

IN THE GREAT CATTLE COUNTRY OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST, CONGO BILL MATCHES WITS WITH A GRIM AND ELUSIVE MENACE AS HE RACES AGAINST TIME TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE...
"JINX RANCH."

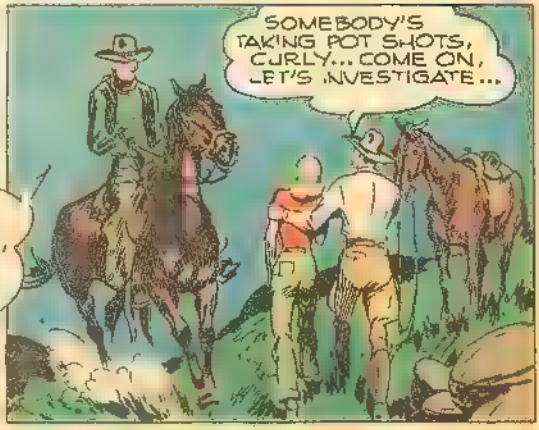

UPON HIS RETURN FROM ALASKAN WATERS, BILL DROPS IN ON HIS OLD RANCHER FRIEND MATT MORGAN, AND FINDS...
...WHEN UNCLE MATT DIED HE LEFT ME THE RANCH—BUT BILL, IT'S A JINX CATTLE DYING... ACCIDENTS TO THE COW HANDS...
LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE IS TRYING TO DISCOURAGE YOU, JANE.

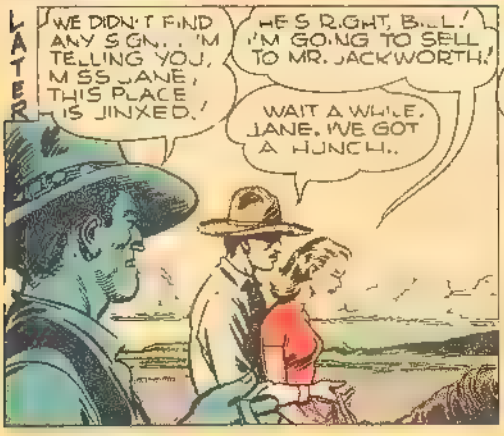
PERHAPS... LET'S RIDE DOWN TO THE CORRAL... THE BOYS ARE WARMING UP FOR THE RODEO...

BOYS THIS S CONGO BILL. BILL THIS S MY FOREMAN, CAREY WHO THINKS I SHOULD SELL THE RANCH.
SURE DO, MISS JANE. THIS PLACE IS JINXED!
YUP MISS JANE. TOO MANY QUEER THINGS GO'N ON!
AS JANE MOUNTS HER HORSE, THE ANIMAL SUDDENLY GOES BERSERK!
LOOK OUT, JANE!
JANE! ARE YOU HURT?
NO. JUST SHAKEN... SEE WHAT I MEAN, BILL? THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENS DAILY!
THAT HOSS IS PLUMB LOCO
AT THE CORRAL.
THAT'S RED, OUR BEST BRONC RIDER. HE'S SURE TO WIN FIRST PRIZE AT THE RODEO!
"THERE HE GOES!"
SUDDENLY, THE HORSE CHARGES THE FALLEN RIDER!
THAT HORSE IS MAD! HE'LL KILL RED!

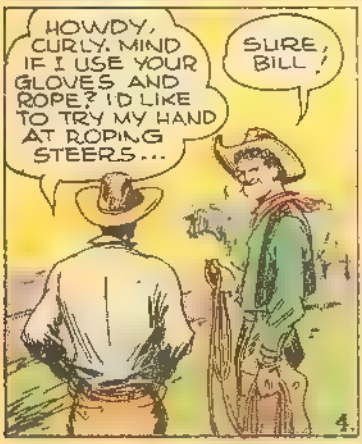

IN A FLASH, CONGO BILL S ASTR.DE THE BOLTING HORSE!
HOG-TIE THAT CRITTER!
THANKS, POPS.' BUT THAT HOSS AIN'T NO KILLER ...SOMETHING'S WRONG.'
YUH'RE DERN RIGHT... SOMEBODY MUST'VE FED HIM LOCO WEED!
HMMM... THERE'S SLEUTHING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE!
NEXT MORNING, BILL AND JANE RIDE THE RANGE... UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.'
POPS SAID EIGHT MORE COWS DIED OF POISON LAST NIGHT...
SOMEBODY WANTS THIS RANCH BADLY ENOUGH TO GO TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO DRIVE YOU OFF... ANYONE OFFERED TO BUY YOU OUT?
YES, I GOT A LETTER FROM A MR. JACKWORTH, OFFERING A GOOD PRICE. I NEVER HEARD OF HIM, BUT HE SAID HE WAS A FRIEND OF UNCLE MATT.
SUDDENLY, THE WHINE OF A BULLET... JANE'S HORSE PITCHES FORWARD!
JANE! JUMP...

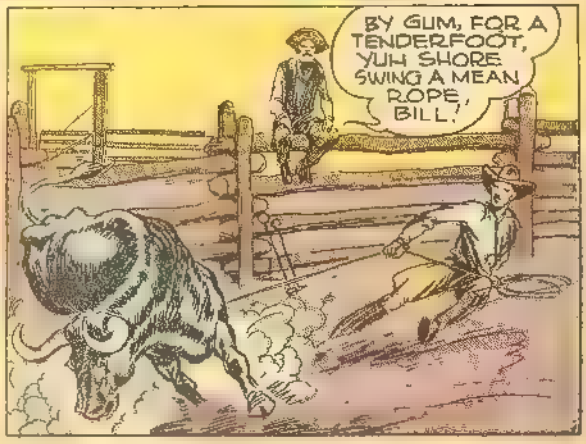

THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! SOMEBODY TRIED TO KILL YOU!
OH, BILL, MY HORSE IS DEAD!
GOLLY! WHAT HAPPENED, MISS JANE?

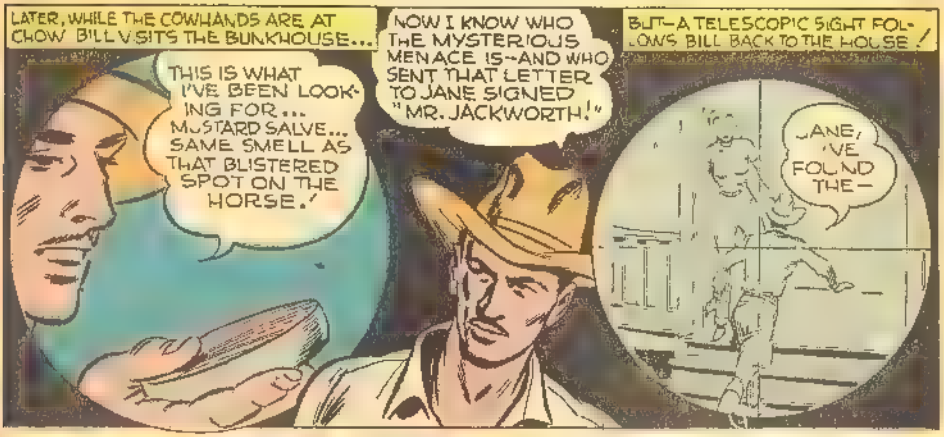

SOMEBODY'S TAKING POT SHOTS, CURLY... COME ON, LET'S INVESTIGATE...

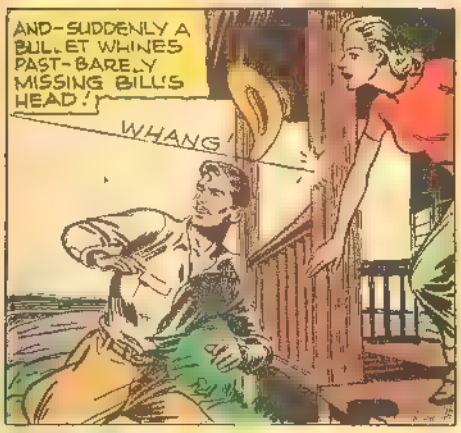

LATER
WE DIDN'T FIND ANY SIGN... 'M TELLING YOU, MISS JANE, THIS PLACE IS JINXED!
HE'S RIGHT, BILL! I'M GOING TO SELL TO MR. JACKWORTH!
WAIT A WHILE, JANE. WE GOT A HUNCH..

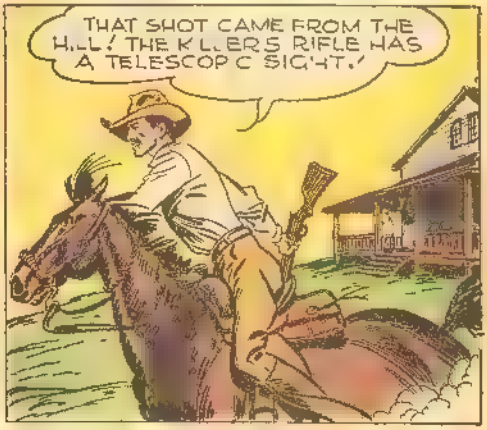
FIRST, CONGO BILL VISITS THE CORRAL...
THIS HORSE THAT THREW JANE YESTERDAY HAS A BIG BLISTER ON HIS SHOULDER, SMELLS LIKE MUSTARD...

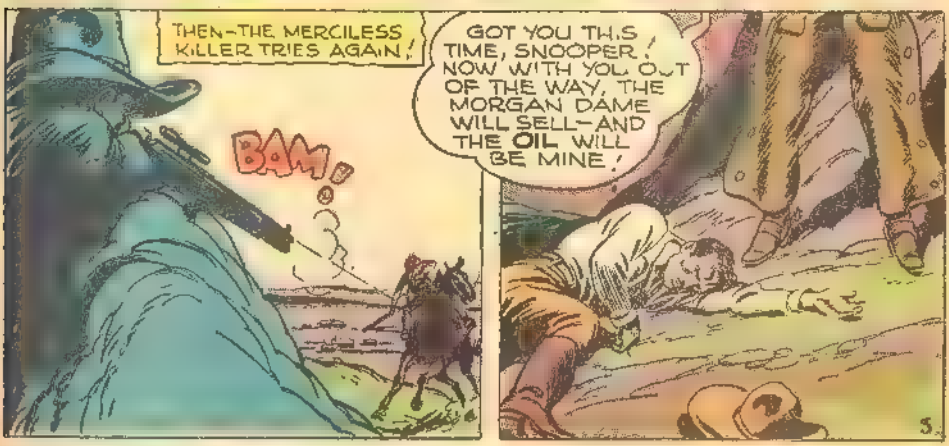

HOWDY, CURLY. MIND IF I USE YOUR GLOVES AND ROPE? I'D LIKE TO TRY MY HAND AT ROPING STEERS...
SURE, BILL!
4.

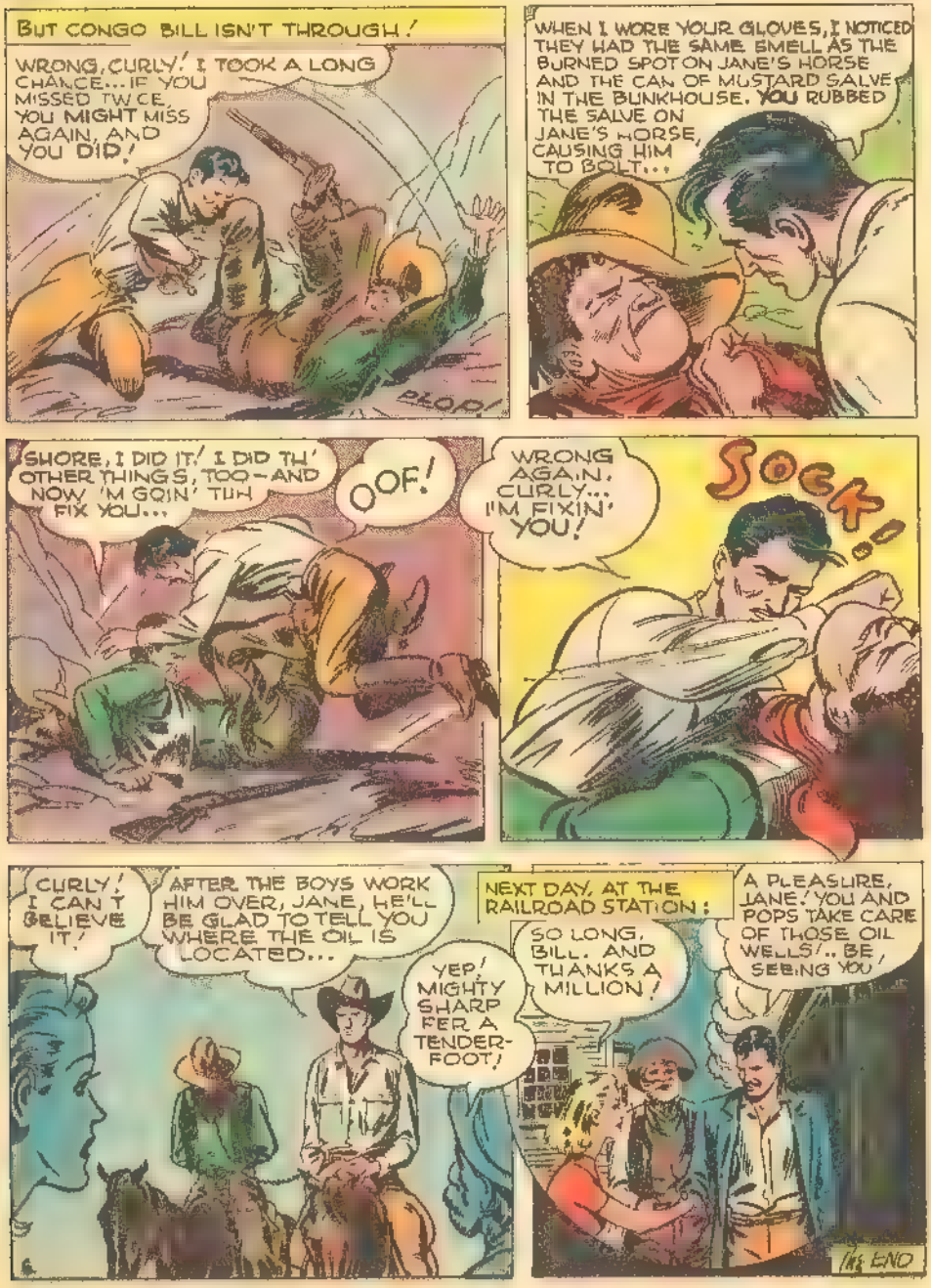

BY GUM, FOR A TENDERFOOT, YUH SHORE SWING A MEAN ROPE, BILL!


LATER, WHILE THE COWHANDS ARE AT CHOW BILL VISITS THE BUNKHOUSE...
THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR... MUSTARD SALVE... SAME SMELL AS THAT BLISTERED SPOT ON THE HORSE.'
NOW I KNOW WHO THE MYSTERIOUS MENACE IS—AND WHO SENT THAT LETTER TO JANE SIGNED "MR. JACKWORTH!"
BUT—A TELESCOPIC SIGHT FOLLOWS BILL BACK TO THE HOUSE!
JANE, I'VE FOUND THE—

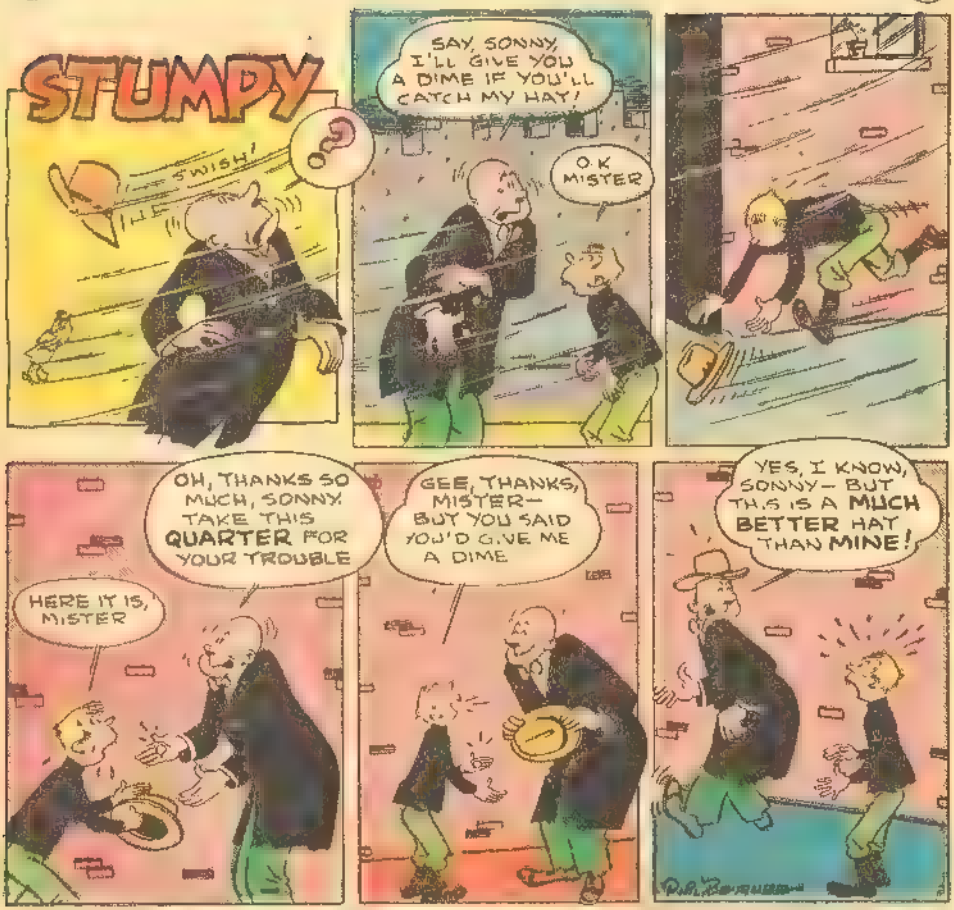

AND—SUDDENLY A BULLET WHINES PAST—BARELY MISSING BILL'S HEAD!
WHANG!


THAT SHOT CAME FROM THE HILL! THE KILLER'S RIFLE HAS A TELESCOPIC SIGHT.'


THEN—THE MERCILESS KILLER TRIES AGAIN!
BAM!
GOT YOU THIS TIME, SNOOPER! NOW WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY, THE MORGAN DAME WILL SELL—AND THE OIL WILL BE MINE!


BUT CONGO BILL ISN'T THROUGH!
WRONG, CURLY! I TOOK A LONG CHANCE... IF YOU MISSED TWICE, YOU MIGHT MISS AGAIN, AND YOU DID!
BLOOP!
WHEN I WORE YOUR GLOVES, I NOTICED THEY HAD THE SAME SMELL AS THE BURNED SPOT ON JANE'S HORSE AND THE CAN OF MUSTARD SALVE IN THE BUNKHOUSE. YOU RUBBED THE SALVE ON JANE'S HORSE, CAUSING HIM TO BOLT...
SHORE, I DID IT! I DID TH' OTHER THINGS, TOO—AND NOW 'M GOIN' TUH FIX YOU...
OOF!
WRONG AGAIN, CURLY... I'M FIXIN' YOU!
SOCK!
CURLY! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
AFTER THE BOYS WORK HIM OVER, JANE, HE'LL BE GLAD TO TELL YOU WHERE THE OIL IS LOCATED...
YEP! MIGHTY SHARP FER A TENDERFOOT!
NEXT DAY, AT THE RAILROAD STATION:
SO LONG, BILL. AND THANKS A MILLION!
A PLEASURE, JANE! YOU AND POPS TAKE CARE OF THOSE OIL WELLS!.. BE SEEING YOU
THE END

U.S. ROYAL
TEARING THE HARNESS
Hey, Mac! Where's the fire?
Yeah! Where's the fire?
Fire? What fire?
Fire? What fire?
Fire? What


STUMPY
"SWISH"
SAY, SONNY, I'LL GIVE YOU A DIME IF YOU'LL CATCH MY HAT!
O.K. MISTER
OH, THANKS SO MUCH, SONNY. TAKE THIS QUARTER FOR YOUR TROUBLE
HERE IT IS, MISTER
GEE, THANKS, MISTER— BUT YOU SAID YOU'D GIVE ME A DIME
YES, I KNOW, SONNY— BUT THIS IS A MUCH BETTER HAT THAN MINE!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

WKH XQLWHG QDWL-
RQV, PDUFKLQJ WRJH-
WKHU. ZLOO EXLOG D
IUHH QHZ ZRUOG!

SUPERMAN, AUG.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

HAYFOOT HENRY

A GUY AND A GIRL AND A COP AND A CRIME ARE MIXED IN THIS TALE OF A SEARCH FOR A RHYME. THE RHYME IS FOR HENRY THE GIRL'S FOR THE GUY, THE GUY'S FOR THE GIRL AND THAT'S JUST WHY THE ORNERY CRIMES DESCRIBED BELOW TURN OUT TO BE--WELL--YOU CAN'T KNOW UNTIL YOU, YOURSELF, THE FACTS UNFURL IN THIS HECTIC TALE OF "THE MOONSTRUCK GIRL!"

ALSO I GOT THE ORDER BLAH BLAH BLAH!

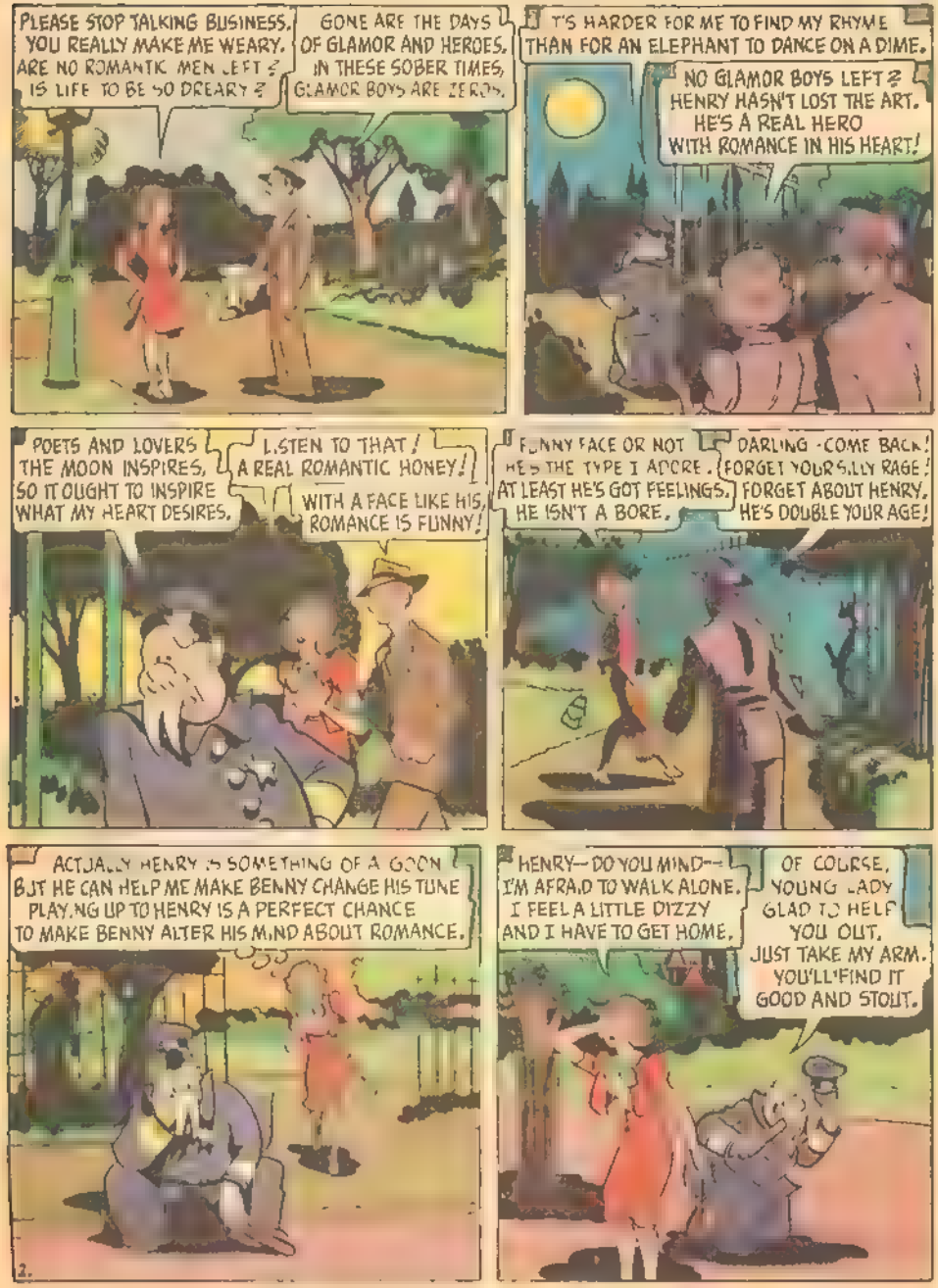
ALL IS QUIET IN SLEEPYSIDE, BUT HENRY THE COP IS FIT TO BE TIED.

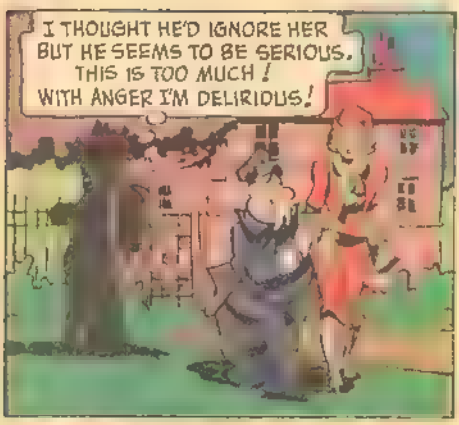
A RHYME FOR TELESCOPE I'VE SOUGHT SINCE NOON. I'LL SURELY GO CRAZY IF I'M NOT INSPIRED SOON.

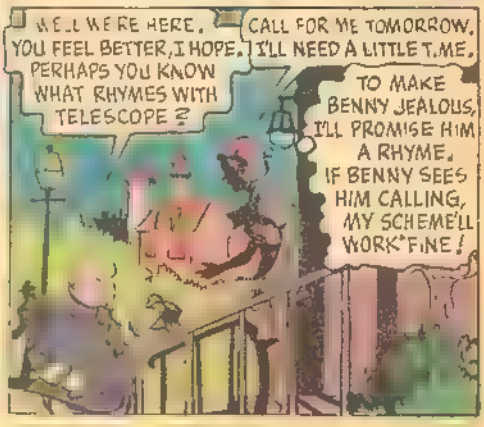
MEANWHILE THROUGH THE PARK A DREAMY COUPLE WALKS, THE GIRL, AT LEAST, IS DREAMY THE GUY JUST TALKS AND TALKS.

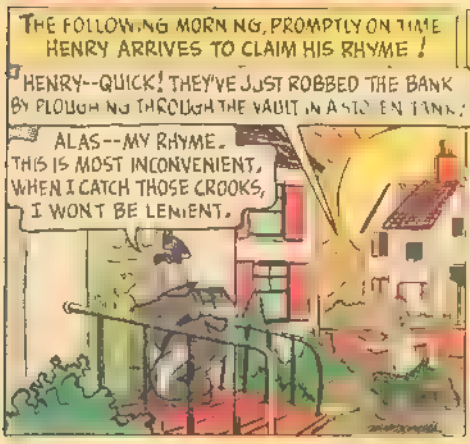
SO I GOT THE ORDERS AND THE BOSS GAVE ME A RAISE. I PLAN TO OWN THE BUSINESS ONE OF THESE FINE DAYS.

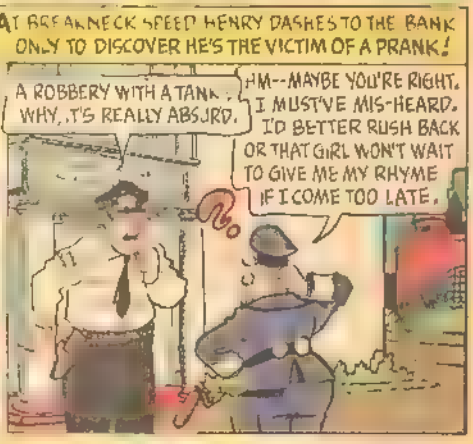
MUST YOU ALWAYS TALK BUSINESS? CAN'T YOU TRY ANOTHER TUNE? CAN'T YOU GET ROMANTIC UNDER SUCH A GORGEOUS MOON?


PLEASE STOP TALKING BUSINESS. YOU REALLY MAKE ME WEARY. ARE NO ROMANTIC MEN LEFT? IS LIFE TO BE SO DREARY?
GONE ARE THE DAYS OF GLAMOR AND HEROES. IN THESE SOBER TIMES, GLAMOR BOYS ARE ZEROS.
IT'S HARDER FOR ME TO FIND MY RHYME THAN FOR AN ELEPHANT TO DANCE ON A DIME.
NO GLAMOR BOYS LEFT? HENRY HASN'T LOST THE ART. HE'S A REAL HERO WITH ROMANCE IN HIS HEART!
POETS AND LOVERS THE MOON INSPIRES, SO IT OUGHT TO INSPIRE WHAT MY HEART DESIRES.
LISTEN TO THAT! A REAL ROMANTIC HONEY!
WITH A FACE LIKE HIS, ROMANCE IS FUNNY!
FUNNY FACE OR NOT HE'S THE TYPE I ADORE. AT LEAST HE'S GOT FEELINGS. HE ISN'T A BORE.
DARLING -COME BACK! FORGET YOUR SILLY RAGE! FORGET ABOUT HENRY. HE'S DOUBLE YOUR AGE!
ACTUALLY HENRY IS SOMETHING OF A GOON BUT HE CAN HELP ME MAKE BENNY CHANGE HIS TUNE PLAYING UP TO HENRY IS A PERFECT CHANCE TO MAKE BENNY ALTER HIS MIND ABOUT ROMANCE.
2.
HENRY—DO YOU MIND— I'M AFRAID TO WALK ALONE. I FEEL A LITTLE DIZZY AND I HAVE TO GET HOME.
OF COURSE, YOUNG LADY GLAD TO HELP YOU OUT. JUST TAKE MY ARM. YOU'LL FIND IT GOOD AND STOUT.


I THOUGHT HE'D IGNORE HER BUT HE SEEMS TO BE SERIOUS. THIS IS TOO MUCH! WITH ANGER I'M DELIRIOUS!


WELL WE'RE HERE. YOU FEEL BETTER, I HOPE. PERHAPS YOU KNOW WHAT RHYMES WITH TELESCOPE?
CALL FOR ME TOMORROW. I'LL NEED A LITTLE T.ME.
TO MAKE BENNY JEALOUS, I'LL PROMISE HIM A RHYME. IF BENNY SEES HIM CALLING, MY SCHEME'LL WORK FINE!


THE FOLLOWING MORN NG, PROMPTLY ON TIME HENRY ARRIVES TO CLAIM HIS RHYME!
HENRY--QUICK! THEY'VE JUST ROBBED THE BANK BY PLOUGH NG THROUGH THE VAULT IN A STO EN TANK!
ALAS--MY RHYME. THIS IS MOST INCONVENIENT. WHEN I CATCH THOSE CROOKS, I WON'T BE LENIENT.


AT BREAKNECK SPEED HENRY DASHES TO THE BANK ONLY TO DISCOVER HE'S THE VICTIM OF A PRANK!
A ROBBERY WITH A TANK. WHY, IT'S REALLY ABSURD.
HM--MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. I MUST'VE MIS-HEARD. I'D BETTER RUSH BACK OR THAT GIRL WON'T WAIT TO GIVE ME MY RHYME IF I COME TOO LATE.

BUT AS HENRY STARTS OUT FOR THE HOME OF THE G RL HE HEARS OF A CRIME THAT MAKES H S HEAD WH RL!
IF YOU'RE A COP YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY. SOME HEE LUST KIDNAPED RICH FARMER GRA .
3

TO FARMER GRAY'S HOME, GOES HENRY ON THE RUN. BUT, ALAS, IT SEEMS, SOMEONE'S JUST HAVING FUN.
SOMEONE, I FEAR, GAVE YOU THE WRONG STEER. IF I WERE KIDNAPED, WOULD I BE HERE?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. FOOLED A SECOND TIME. SOMEONE IS TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM MY RHYME.

MUST TAKE ME FOR A RHYME, BUT WHEN A RHYME I'VE NEVER
HENRY SOME FELLOW JUST ROBBED THE CANDY STORE. HE TOOK ALL THE GUM DROPS SO THERE AREN'T ANY MORE.
SPEAK UP LITTLE GIRL. YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T SO WHO TOLD YOU TO TELL ME THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.
A VERY NICE MAN. HE GAVE ME A PENNY HE'S AROUND THE CORNER AND HIS NAME IS BENNY.
AHA--YOU SCOUNDREL, IT'S YOU I'LL HAVE ARRESTED! DRIVING ME DAFFY CAN DO NO END OF HARM
VERY WELL-- ARREST ME. I DON'T CARE ANY MORE. LEAD ME TO PRISON! LOCK THE CELL DOOR!
BEFORE WE GO TO JAIL I'VE A RHYME TO OBTAIN, SHE'S WAITED HOURS FOR ME AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO BLAME!
OH HERE COMES HENRY-- AND POOR BENNY-- WHAT'S HE DONE? AND THAT RHYME I PROMISED, I REALLY HAVEN'T ONE!
BENNY--WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S HE GOT YOU FOR?
FOR JEALOUSY FAKE CRIMES TO KEEP HIM FROM YOUR DOOR
WHY-- YOU'RE JEALOUS! BUT THAT'S ABSURD! SHE PROMISED ME A RHYME -- ON THAT I GIVE MY WORD
IT'S ALL MY FAULT-- YOU POOR JEALOUS MOPE!
EUREKA! MY RHYME! JEALOUS MOPE! TELESCOPE! FOR A MERE LOVERS' TIFF, I'LL MAKE NO ARREST SO KISS AND MAKE UP AND DON'T BE DISTRESSED!
THE END

BOY, FUNNY PAPER PEOPLE! SUPERMAN, 'N ANDY GUMP, 'N...
WONDER WHERE HE GETS 'EM?
LET'S TRAIL HIM AND FIND OUT
LOOK, HE'S GOING INTO A GROCERY STORE!
A PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP, PLEASE.
ONE PACKAGE OF PEP—"THE SUNSHINE CEREAL"—WITH ANOTHER COMIC BUTTON FOR YOUR COLLECTION—COMING UP!
IMAGINE GETTING COMIC BUTTONS JUST FOR EATING A CEREAL YOU LIKE!
PEP
"THE SUNSHINE CEREAL"
GET YOUR PRIZE BUTTONS WITH
ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OLIVE OYL
BAGWOOD
SUPERMAN
BLONDIE
RIP WINKLE
DON WINSLOW
POPEYE
UNCLE WILLIE
ANDY GUMP
JUNIOR TRACY
AGGIE
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM
SIMMY
MAGGIE
HANS
FRITZ
LITTLE KING
POP JENKS
You get one of these 18 brightly colored all-metal buttons ready to pin on. in every package of swell tasting Kellogg's PEP Collect 'em- swap 'em wear 'em -some fun! Get mom to get you Kellogg's PEP today!
LISTEN TO SUPERMAN!
Tune in daily, Monday through Friday, for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station.
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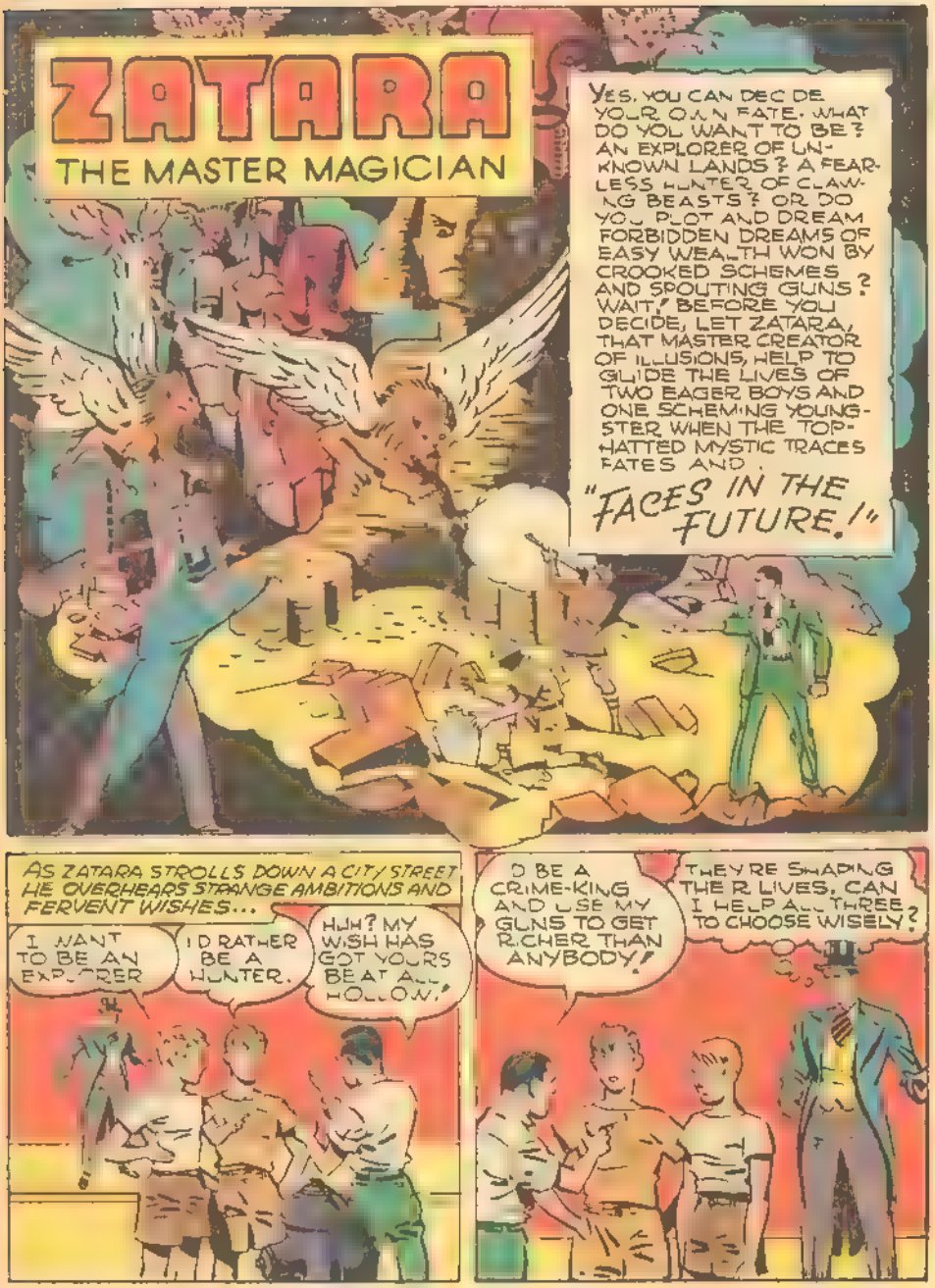
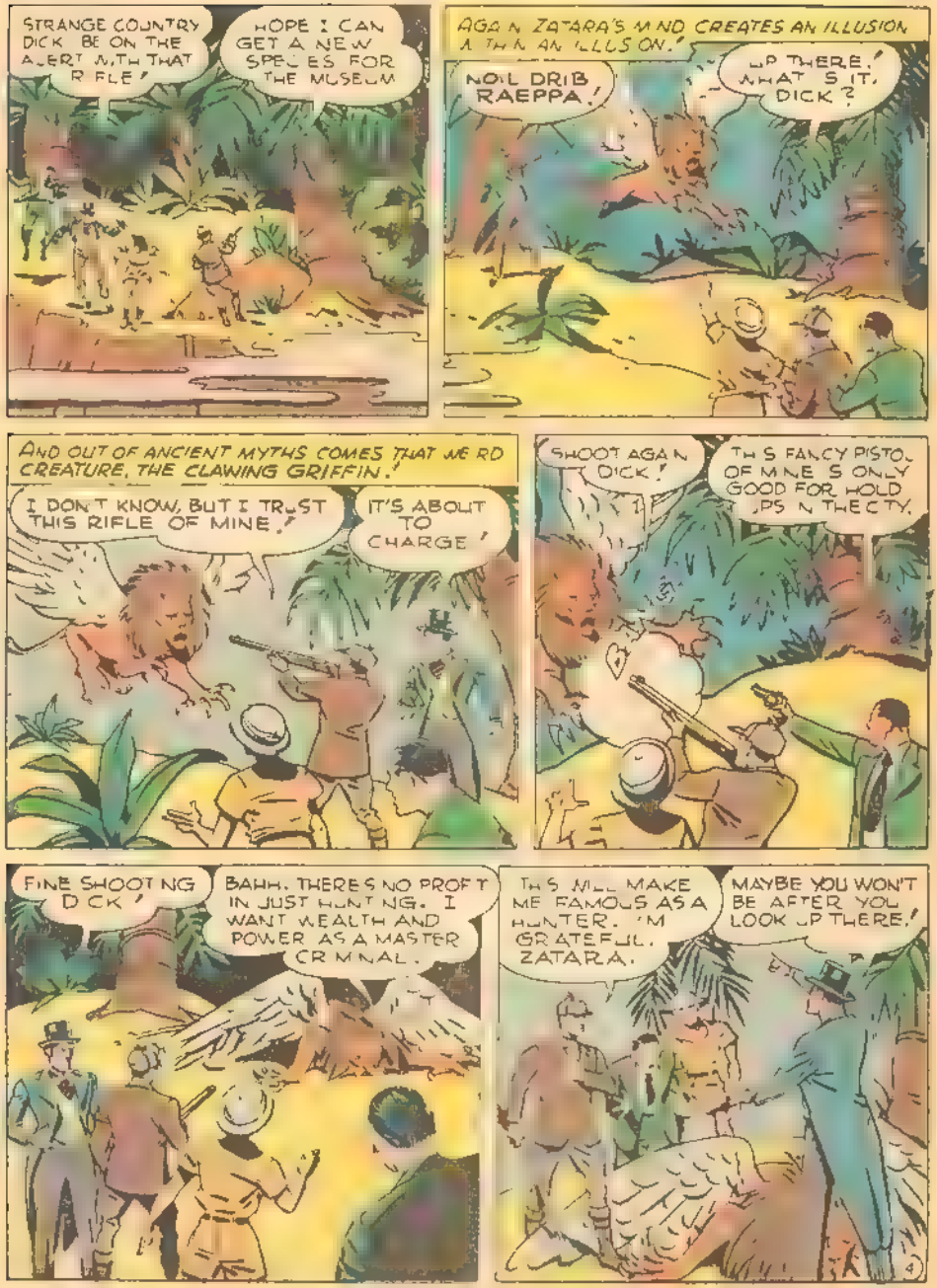
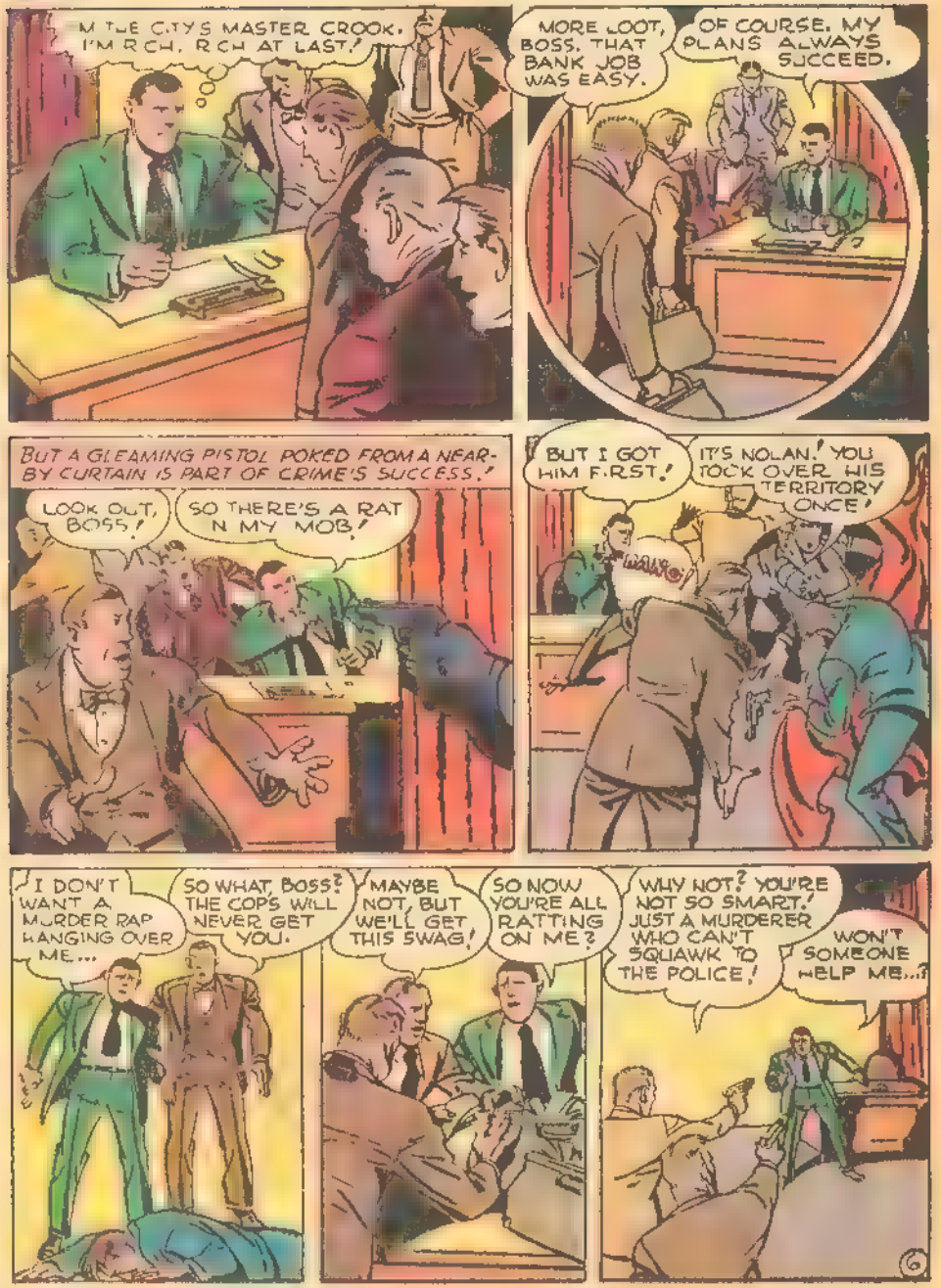

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
YES, YOU CAN DECIDE YOUR OWN FATE. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE? AN EXPLORER OF UNKNOWN LANDS? A FEARLESS HUNTER OF CLAWING BEASTS? OR DO YOU PLOT AND DREAM FORBIDDEN DREAMS OF EASY WEALTH WON BY CROOKED SCHEMES AND SPOUTING GUNS? WAIT! BEFORE YOU DECIDE, LET ZATARA, THAT MASTER CREATOR OF ILLUSIONS, HELP TO GLIDE THE LIVES OF TWO EAGER BOYS AND ONE SCHEMING YOUNGSTER WHEN THE TOP-HATTED MYSTIC TRACES FATES AND
"FACES IN THE FUTURE!"
AS ZATARA STROLLS DOWN A CITY STREET HE OVERHEARS STRANGE AMBITIONS AND FERVENT WISHES...
I WANT TO BE AN EXPLORER
I'D RATHER BE A HUNTER.
HUH? MY WISH HAS GOT YOURS BEAT ALL HOLLOW!
I'D BE A CRIME-KING AND USE MY GUNS TO GET RICHER THAN ANYBODY!
THEY'RE SHAPING THEIR LIVES. CAN I HELP ALL THREE TO CHOOSE WISELY?

AN EXPLORER A HUNTER AND A CR ME KING. NOW LET ME MAGINE WHAT THEY'D LOOK L.KE N F FTEEN YEARS...
ZATARA'S EYES GLEAM AS HE EXERTS ALL THE POWER OF HIS MIND TO CREATE ONE OF HIS GREATEST ILLUSIONS!
SDUOLC FO NOISULLI DLOFNE SU LLA,' YAM ESEHT SYOB EVEILEB!'
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.
STRANGE! I FEEL WE RE ALL GETT NG OLDER. AND WE LOOK L.KE WHAT WE WISHED FOR!
IT'S ZATARA! HE'S MADE OUR BOYHOOD DREAMS COME TRUE!
PERHAPS. BUT COME ALONG AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!
YOU, JERRY MASON, WANTED TO BE AN EXPLORER. BEHOLD A SECRET VALLEY OF THE ANCIENT NILE!
NO LIV NG MAN HAS EVER SEEN THESE STONES BEFORE!
BUT HOW CAN WE UNEARTH THEM? WE HAVE NO TOOLS.
TIRIPS FO EHT DNIW! WOLB ESEHT SDNAS YAWA!
I OBEY, ZATARA!
2

AND JEWELS?
OF COURSE, BUT KNOWLEDGE EXPLORER SEEKS
I'LL JUST TAKE THE CASH. OH, BOY!
KAEPS
RELUR,
O YOU WHO COME TO SEK ONLY WEALTH
WHAT GOLD?
GNIK, LLAF!
YLF OT YTEFAS.!
SOMEHOW!


STRANGE COUNTRY DICK BE ON THE ALERT WITH THAT RIFLE!
HOPE I CAN GET A NEW SPECIES FOR THE MUSEUM
AGAIN ZATARA'S MIND CREATES AN ILLUSION A THING AN ILLUSION!
NOIL DRIB RAEPPA!
UP THERE! WHAT'S IT, DICK?
AND OUT OF ANCIENT MYTHS COMES THAT WEIRD CREATURE, THE CLAWING GRIFFIN!
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I TRUST THIS RIFLE OF MINE!
IT'S ABOUT TO CHARGE!
SHOOT AGAIN DICK!
THIS FANCY PISTOL OF MINE IS ONLY GOOD FOR HOLD UPS IN THE CITY.
FINE SHOOTING DICK!
BAHH. THERE'S NO PROFIT IN JUST HUNTING. I WANT WEALTH AND POWER AS A MASTER CRIMINAL.
THIS WILL MAKE ME FAMOUS AS A HUNTER. I'M GRATEFUL, ZATARA.
MAYBE YOU WON'T BE AFTER YOU LOOK UP THERE!

MORE LION-BIRDS! I TOLD YOU THERE WAS NO PROFIT IN ALL THIS!
TIME TO SHOW JACK HIS CAREER. SO...
KCAB OT YTIC!
BANG! BANG!
I'LL COME BACK TO HUNT THOSE MONSTERS SOME DAY.
COME ON, ZATARA. NOW MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE.
YOU ASKED FOR IT, JACK. EFIL FO EMIRC DLOFNU!
BY IMAGINATION AND ILLUSION, ZATARA SKETCHES JACK'S RISE TO POWER.
MY FIRST HOLD-UP!
HELP! POLICE!
THEN COME THE RACKETS...
AND EVERYBODY PAYS ME, SEE?
AND THE GRIM RULE BY BLACKJACK AND GUN!
THAT'S FOR WANTING AN EVEN SHARE! I'M THE BRAINS AROUND HERE!
EMIRC DNE SA LLA EMIRC SEOD!


I'M THE CITY'S MASTER CROOK. I'M RICH, RICH AT LAST!
MORE LOOT, BOSS. THAT BANK JOB WAS EASY.
OF COURSE. MY PLANS ALWAYS SUCCEED.
BUT A GLEAMING PISTOL POKED FROM A NEARBY CURTAIN IS PART OF CRIME'S SUCCESS.
LOOK OUT, BOSS!
SO THERE'S A RAT IN MY MOB!
BUT I GOT HIM FIRST!
IT'S NOLAN! YOU TOOK OVER HIS TERRITORY ONCE!
WAUK!
I DON'T WANT A MURDER RAP HANGING OVER ME...
SO WHAT, BOSS? THE COPS WILL NEVER GET YOU.
MAYBE NOT, BUT WE'LL GET THIS SWAG!
SO NOW YOU'RE ALL RATTING ON ME?
WHY NOT? YOU'RE NOT SO SMART, JUST A MURDERER WHO CAN'T SQUAWK TO THE POLICE!
WON'T SOMEONE HELP ME...?

S'EMIRC AMARD DNE!
THE COPS! SHOOT!
THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH!
BANG!
BANG!
A-AHH...
SO BIG JACK'S CAREER ENDS AT LAST!
HELP H M ZATARA! PLEASE, JUST AS YOU HELPED US!
HE MAY HAVE LEARNED HIS LESSON.
KCAB OT YTILAER DNA EHT TNESERP!
IN ONE SWIRLING PUFF, THE MASTER MYSTIC'S CLOUDS OF ILLUSION VANISH!
WHY, WE THOUGHT..
I'M ALIVE! ALIVE!
SO YOU BOYS LET YOUR IMAGINATION ROAM, DD YOU?
ZATARA! NOW WE UNDERSTAND IT ALL!
I STILL WANT TO BE A HUNTER!
AND I'LL STUDY HARDER TO BE AN EXPLORER! ALL ABOUT EGYPT!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, JACK?
I...I THINK MAYBE I'LL BE A DOCTOR OR A TEACHER. I HOPE, I HOPE!
AND HOPES WILL COME TRUE FOR ALL OF US IF WE WORK HARD ENOUGH!
THE END
7

BACKSTAGE HUNCH

by Tom Neill

EAMES, the manager, remembered he had seen Detective Lou Carney, of the Broadway squad, out front just as the show was breaking. He called out there now. The doorman said, "Yes, sir, he's here. I'll ask him to go right backstage."

Carney, his name called, turned. "There seems to be something wrong backstage, Mr. Carney," the doorman said.

"Maybe it's the show," grinned Carney. I'd say this first night is anything but a success.

Carney was right there. It didn't take a dramatic critic to know that "Whimsies of 1946" was a colossal floperoo, a star-studded stinker. But even Carney, wise in Broadway shows and rackets, was unprepared for the trouble backstage.

The trouble, in the form of Mrs. Wellington Deetz, society matron and a power in the city, was past consolation over her loss. "My emeralds," she moaned, "my precious emeralds, snatched right from my neck by some thief!"

Carney looked questioningly at the uncomfortable Eames. The latter drew Carney aside. "The old dowager came backstage to see Mitzi Martin," the manager said, "and suddenly all the lights go out backstage. Whisko, Mrs. Deetz screams her emeralds are gone." He coughed. "I told the doorman not to let anyone out, Lou, if that'll help. I thought it might."

"It may," Carney said curtly. "I'm not a miracle man." He smiled grimly. "Plenty of places back here to hide hot ice." Solicitously, he bent over Mrs. Deetz.

"You have no idea who might have taken them, Mrs. Deetz?"

"None," she panted. "I felt cold fingers touching my throat. I screamed. When the lights came on my gems were gone." She jabbed at an abundance of chins with a filmy handkerchief. "Gone!"

"That seems to be the general opinion," Carney vouchsafed drily. "Insured, of course?"

"Of course, young man! Do you take me for an utter fool?"

Carney's eyes looked at the faces and things around him. He had a remarkable facility for judging character, which may have had something to do with his being the crack detective on the Broadway squad. Some of the performers apparently were too excited to dress, while those who had dressed stood around wide-eyed. It wasn't every night, even in a flop show, that a quarter of a million bucks worth of gems disappeared backstage. As Carney stood there he heard one chorus girl say: "With that kind of dough I sure wouldn't have to worry about this show folding soon!"

Carney darted a glance at her. The girl, a tall, wispy blonde, returned his gaze stonily. "See something?" she snapped.

Carney shrugged, his attention now riveted on a young man in evening clothes, who was arguing with Eames. "But I tell you, Eames, I *can't* be detained here! I have a supper show to do at the Bilt Ritz."

Eames sighed with relief as Carney sidled over. "Mystifico here has to get to his night club job, Lou. Is it okay?"

Carney looked at Mystifico, the magician. He grinned. "Know anything, Mystifico? Seems to me you'd be the logical guy to make things disappear." He held up his hand, noting the angry expression on the magician's face. "Only kidding." Carney smiled again. "And you can take that pelican with you if you like."

Mollified, the magician smiled back. "Oh, I don't need him at the club. I don't do my fishing trick there."

"You should," said Carney. "It's one of the hits of this show, if any." The business he referred to was a sensational stunt wherein the magician using a rod and reel, pulled live fish from a pelican's mouth. "That pelican should be no trouble."

"Oh, but he is," the magician remonstrated. "He just loves to be petted. Then people give him food and if they try to take it from him, he snaps back. Oh, heavens, what a nuisance he can be!" Mystifico clapped his hands. "I do hope Al Rodin has fixed my fishing rod for me." He looked past Carney. "Oh, there he is! Al, did you fix my rod?"

Rodin was a small, gray-haired man. "Yes sir. It's okay now. Thanks." He pocketed the

dollar Mystifico gave him, and walked away.

"Nice man, that stage hand," said Mystifico. "He knows all about rods. He used to be a fly casting champion." The magician looked at his watch. "Goodness, I must be off. I'm afraid after this horrible performance on "Whimsies" I'm going to have to depend on my night club work. Good bye, and thank you so much, Mr Policeman."

"Don't mention it," said Carney, amused. He turned to Eames. "I don't think you can hold these people any longer, chum. Better tell them to go home."

An outraged scream of anguish came from Mrs. Deetz when she heard the news. Carney, trying to dodge her, ducked behind a piece of scenery. He paused. Directly in front of him, held securely by a thin steel chain was the pelican Mystifico used in his act. Carney put out his hand to pet him. An outraged squawk, accompanied by ruffled plumage, was his reward.

He stepped back hastily, almost into the arms of one of the stage hands. It was Al Rodin, the man who had helped Mystifico. Rodin laughed. "He's a rough customer, sir. Better leave him alone. He always acts up when Mystifico isn't around."

"Oh, yes." Carney started to laugh. Then he paused. "Yes, I guess you're right. I wouldn't want to come in contact with that bill." He walked away, then loudly bade Eames goodnight. The latter stared in surprise. "But Carney, I thought—how about a cup of coffee?"

Carney grabbed his arm. "Okay," he said. "Let's go." He looked at his watch, said loudly, "I'm off duty at twelve anyway."

They went out through the door connecting backstage with the front of the theatre. "Where'll we get the coffee, Lou?" asked Eames.

"We're not going for coffee," said Carney. "We're sitting right here." He deposited the startled manager in one of the backrow of seats. Already the theatre was dark except for a small light, called a pilot light, on the stage. One by one performers and stage hands left. From his side seat, Carney could see them all, some of whom passed across the stage, others went down on the other side of the boards. At last everything was quiet.

"I don't get this," whispered Eames. "What's the gag, Lou?"

"Sssh!" Carney warned. The minutes ticked by and he began to wonder if his hunch was wrong. If only . . .

He started as a loud and raucous squawk came suddenly from backstage. "That crazy pelican!" Eames muttered. "He . . . hey, where you going Carney?"

As though he had suddenly lost control of his senses, Carney was running down the side aisle. Eames leaped from his seat, pursued the detective. Once more the pelican squawked, and this time more angrily than before.

Eames, following close behind Carney, halted. The detective was pushing some scenery out of the way. And behind it a small, gray-haired man was poking at the pelican with a fishing rod, desperately trying to get it to open its bill.

"Okay, Rodin," Carney said. "You can stop now. The game's over." He ducked as the man launched out with the fishing rod. Then Carney stepped in close. One punch and the man sank to the stage.

There were some fish Mystifico used in his act swimming in a tank closeby. Carney grabbed one, held the wiggling denizen in front of the pelican. The creature obligingly opened its mouth. Carney's free hand darted in, brought out a gleaming strand.

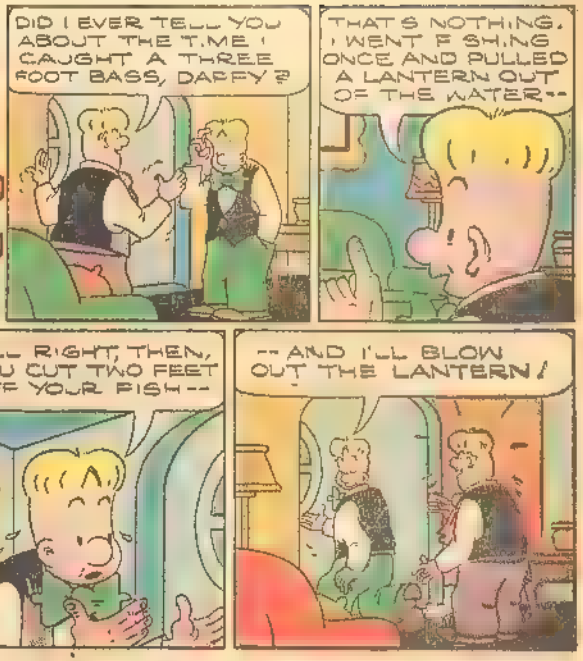
"The emeralds!" Eames found his voice. "But how—"

Carney was frisking Rodin. No gun. "Just a guess," he said, "a hunch. That little chorus girl gave me the motive when she said if she had a quarter of a million worth of necklace she wouldn't have to worry about the show closing. So, someone desperate about the show closing, I figured, took the necklace. How? Well —" He looked at the now-recovered Rodin, who shook his head. "Okay," continued Carney, "I'll talk. Rodin, a crackerjack fly-caster had Mystifico's rod in his hand when Mrs. Deetz came by. He put out the lights and, in the dark, snagged the necklace with the fish hook! The cold "hand" she felt was a small hook he used.

"Then, he had to hide the jewels. He knew the pelican wouldn't be suspected, so he put them in the bird's bill. I wouldn't have suspected, either, but Rodin said the bird had a bad temper. He did not know Mystifico had told me the bird only got mad when people tried to take something from him. So I waited!"

Carney grinned, looked at the pelican, who was savoring every morsel of fish. "And got my fish, too. Come along, Rodin."

DAFFY & DOODLE


DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I CAUGHT A THREE FOOT BASS, DAFFY?
THAT'S NOTHING. I WENT FISHING ONCE AND PULLED A LANTERN OUT OF THE WATER--
--AND IT WAS STILL BURNING!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT--THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
ALL RIGHT, THEN, YOU CUT TWO FEET OFF YOUR FISH--
--AND I'LL BLOW OUT THE LANTERN!

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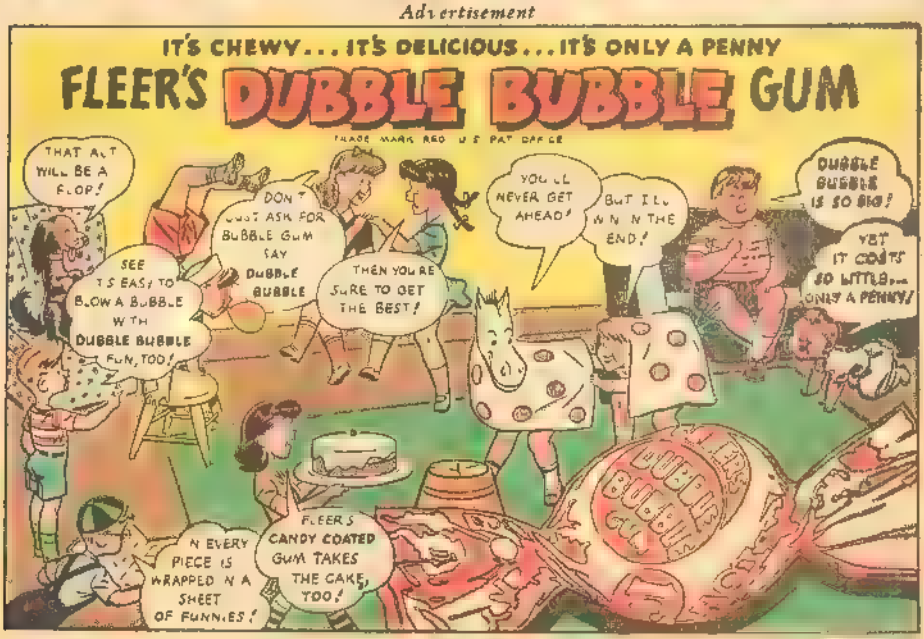
THAT ALT WILL BE A FLOP!
SEE IT'S EASY TO BLOW A BUBBLE WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE FUN, TOO!
DON'T JUST ASK FOR BUBBLE GUM SAY DUBBLE BUBBLE
THEN YOU'RE SURE TO GET THE BEST!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD!
BUT I'LL WIN IN THE END!
DUBBLE BUBBLE IS SO BIG!
YET IT COSTS SO LITTLE... ONLY A PENNY!
IN EVERY PIECE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!
FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM TAKES THE CAKE, TOO!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

VIGILANTE

CAN YOU MAKE YOUR WISHES COME TRUE? SOME MEN DO IT BY COURAGE AND HARD WORK... BUT NICK THE GAMBLER, LOOKS FOR AN EASIER WAY. HE TRIES TO **BUY** FORTUNE'S FAVOR... AND UNWITTINGLY BUYS HIMSELF INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE HE NEVER BARGAINED FOR. BUT THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF ALSO HAVE A HAND IN THIS STRANGE TRANSACTION... AND IT'S THEIR SKILL AND COURAGE THAT FINALLY DECIDE THE VALUE OF...

"THE TIGER'S SKIN!"

EVEN ON TOUR PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR GREG SANDERS MANAGES TO RUN ACROSS A FAMILIAR FACE...
STUFF, SEEMS TO ME I'VE SEEN THAT FELLOW BEFORE...
LOOK P.T. – SOMEONE ELSE IS INTERESTED IN HIM BESIDES US.
AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS I RECKON I BETTER CHANGE INTO COSTUME
SECONDS LATER...
HELP.... AAA ..
THE DIRTY COYOTES... STEP ON IT, STUFF.
ANOTHER ACQUAINTANCE – IT'S THE SLASHER!
VIGILANTE!
DARK STREETS ARE FULL OF TROUBLE SIDEWINDER.
YIIII...!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR PARKIN' LONGSIDE A FIRE PLUG.
WWW.
CURSE YOU, VIGILANTE. YOU CAN'T INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS AND GET AWAY WITH IT.

LOOK OUT, VIG!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, PARDNER...
A BULLET CAN MOVE FASTER THAN ANY KNIFE.
BANG
BUT AS THE BULLET RICOCHETS UPWARD..
CRASH!
UGH...
LUCK'S WITH US, BOYS...FINISH HIM OFF.
WHEEEEE...
WE AIN'T GOT TIME, SLASHER... THAT SHOT IS BRINGIN' THE COPS.
THE VIGILANTE! YOU ALL RIGHT?
SURE, BOYS, BUT SLASHER AND HIS GANG ARE STILL RUNNING LOOSE.
3

MAYBE WE CAN CORRAL THEM RUSTLERS.
GOOD RIDIN', BOYS THERE'S A GENT HERE I WANT TO QUESTION.
KIYOODLIN' COYOTES... IT'S NICK THE GAMBLER.
SURE IS VIGILANTE. I RAN INTO HARD LUCK AS USUAL... BUT YOU SAVED ME
STUFF, NICK'S ONE OF THE FEW HONEST GAMBLERS... WHICH KIND OF PREVENTED HIM FROM STRIKIN' IT RICH. RECKON YOU'VE KIND OF RETIRED NOW THOUGH, EH, NICK?
ON THE CONTRARY! I'VE JUST MADE THE BIGGEST GAMBLE OF MY LIFE... AND THIS TIME I'M GOING TO WIN.
VIGILANTE, I HAD TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. I SUPPOSE SLASHER AND HIS MUGS FIGURE I'VE STILL GOT IT, OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE SLUGGED ME. BUT I HAVEN'T I PAID THAT MONEY FOR THE BEST BARGAIN OF MY LIFE...
...FOR THIS.
HOLY MACKEREL, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THAT... THAT LITTLE PIECE OF FUR?
YES, FOR THAT. BUT IT'S NO ORDINARY TIGER SKIN.

WHOEVER OWNED IT COULD MAKE A WISH ... JUST ONE WISH AND THAT WISH WOULD COME TRUE BUT WITH EVERY WISH THE SKIN SHRANK A LITTLE.
SOME DAY IT WILL JUST SHRINK OUT OF EXIST-ENCE AND THEN THE MAN WHO MADE THE WISH WILL DIE. BUT THAT DAY HASN'T COME YET- I HOPE
HUM IF THERE'S STILL ONE SAFE WISH IN IT, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE IT?
BECAUSE I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET WHAT TO WISH FOR YOU SEE., I'VE GOT THE FUTURE OF MY LITTLE NEPHEW JOHNNY TO CONSIDER. SO LONG- AND THANKS
COME ON WE'LL FOLLOW NICK.
SLASHER'S MUGS PROBABLY FIGURE NICK STILL HAS THAT MONEY.
SOON ..
LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE WRONG, VIG HE GOT HOME SAFE
LOOK THEY WERE WAITING FOR HIM!

DROP THAT SIX-SHOOTER, COYOTE!
WHAT..?
VIGILANTE! MY LUCK'S STILL WITH ME.
YEAH? WELL, I'M GONNA CHANGE IT..
STILL TRYIN' TO PULL A KNIFE ON ME, SLASHER?
OWWW..!
UH-OH!
EXCUSE ME...THE VIGILANTE DOESN'T LIKE FANCY VASES.
CRASH!
6

THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY...
WHA..?
JOHNNY'S ICE SKATE!
YOU MADE A FALSE STEP THAT TIME, VIGILANTE.
AAAAA...
BOP!
NICE WORK BOSS... WITH THE VIGILANTE GONE, THESE GUYS ARE EASY
YES, BUT THE VIGILANTE HAS TOO HARD A SKULL TO STAY GONE LONG... TIE HIM AND THE KID UP.
MOMENTS LATER...
SINCE YOU AND NICK ARE SUCH PALS, VIGILANTE, I GUESS HE WON'T MIND YOU USING HIS HOUSE TO BURN N.
NO, NO! DON'T BURN THE HOUSE!
MY LITTLE NEPHEW JOHNNY IS SLEEPING UPSTAIRS... YOU WOULDN'T HURT A KID!
MAYBE I WOULDN'T, PAL... IF YOU'D TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE HIDIN' THAT DOUGH.
BUT I TOLD YOU I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY ANY MORE...
SO YOU WON'T TALK, HUH? OKAY, GET MOVING.

YOU CAN SEE NOW THAT IT DON'T PAY TO CROSS ME VIGILANTE... TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T LEARN THAT BEFORE!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, RATTLER
BRAVE TALK, VIG... BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUT OF HERE—AND WITH THAT KID?
RECKON THAT'S A PROBLEM, STUFF.'
MEANWHILE...
SLASHER, YOU CAN'T KILL THE KID. I'LL HAVE MONEY SOON... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WISH FOR IT..
HA, HA! LISTEN TO THE SAP.'
NEIGH...'
HUH..? SOUNDS LIKE A HORSE.
IT IS.' THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. PUT NICK ON HIM.
GET SOME MORE ROPE, BOYS, AND TIE HIM UP.
HEY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, NICK... EITHER TELL US WHERE THAT DOUGH IS OR WE TIE YOU TO THE NAG AND SEND YOU OVER A CLIFF WITH HIM.
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MORE MONEY...I BOUGHT THIS WISHING-SKIN WITH IT.
HUH... DAT LITTLE TIGER SKIN? IF IT REALLY WORKS, WHY DON'T YOU WISH YOURSELF FREE WID IT?
THANKS FOR REMINDING ME. I WILL MAKE A WISH. BUT NOT FOR MYSELF. I WISH FOR VIGILANTE TO SAVE JOHNNY.'

YEAH? NOW IT'S MY TURN. JUST TO SHOW YOU WHAT A SAP YOU ARE, I WISH... I WISH...
BUT WHILE SLASHER MAKES UP HIS MIND WHAT TO WISH... PERHAPS WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF...
THERE'S THE ICE SKATE THAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE / MAYBE IT'LL HELP US GET AWAY.
'IT'S CUTTIN' THROUGH!'
SECONDS LATER...
NOW TO GET THAT KID! STEP ON IT, STUFF!
ALL RIGHT, SONNY... NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW.
BOO HOO...
MEANWHILE... SLASHER HAS MADE HIS WISH!
I JUST WISH THE VIGILANTE DID GET OUT HERE... I'D MAKE HIM SORRY HE DIDN'T BURN TO DEATH!

SO MUCH FOR THIS PIECE OF FUR...
LOOK, BOSS... BOTH WISHES CAME TRUE!

HE'S GOT THE KID IN HIS ARMS... HE CAN'T FIGHT!
DON'T RECKON I HAVE TO THIS TIME!

QUICK AS A FLASH, THE WESTERN WADDY THROWS THE TIGER SKIN AT THE HORSE...
AND TERRIFIED BY THE TIGER ODOR, THE STEED LASHES OUT WITH SKULL-CRACKING FORCE!

AAAA...

AND AS THE TERRIFIED CRIMINALS DODGE THE LASHING HOOVES...
KEEP SOCKING, VIG... JOHNNY'S OKAY!
IT'S A PLEASURE, PARDNER...

AFTER THE VIGILANTE'S POUNDING FISTS WIN FINAL VICTORY...
GEE, NICK, THE VIGILANTE SAYS THERE WAS A REWARD FOR SLASHER... AND HE'S GOING TO GIVE IT TO US.
THAT'LL MAKE UP FOR THE HOUSE... AS FOR LOSING THE SKIN...WELL, I GUESS I DON'T GET ANY MORE WISHES, SO IT'LL HAVE TO BE HARD WORK FOR ME FROM NOW ON.

BUT EVERYTHING DID COME OUT AS I SAID, VIGILANTE... BOTH WISHES CAME TRUE. SLASHER, THE LAST MAN TO WISH, DIED... AND THE TIGER SKIN DISAPPEARED.
IT DRIFTED INTO THE FIRE AND BURNED.
THE WAY I LOOK AT IT, YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO ADD WORK TO WISHING, TO MAKE THINGS COME TRUE.
THE END

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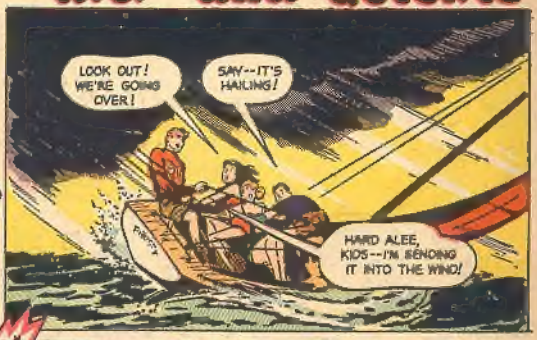
FOUR AGAINST THE SEA

THIS IS HEAVENLY, QUICKIE, SO PEACEFUL AND CALM. IT SURE BEATS ALL.
ALL EXCEPT THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA, COOKIE!
HM-M-M. THIS MAY BE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.



NICE WORK, R.C.--I'VE GOT HER.
QUICKLY R.C. SHIFTS THE RUDDER TO WINDWARD AND SENDS THE BOAT--WITH NO SAILS UP--TEARING AFTER CONNIE. AS HE APPROACHES HER, HE WHIPS THE BOAT INTO THE WIND STOPPING WITHIN INCHES OF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL.

LATER AT THE YACHT CLUB...
THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE.
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?
ISN'T THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA WONDERFUL? IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

WILLIAM "BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS,
SHAKE, AMIGO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!
William Elliott is quick-on-the trigger—so he lost no time in picking a winner. He tried the leading colas in paper cups, picked one: Royal Crown Cola. "Best-tasting," said Bill. Why not try it today? 5 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle!
See William Elliott in "THE OLD SACRAMENTO" A Republic Picture
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Best by taste-test